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LIFE AND BATTLES OF TOM SPRING,

THE BUTCHER.

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SECOND GREAT BATTLE

BETWEEN

SPRING AND LANGAN.

Round 1. Spring, to our regret, [illegible] his previous contests, as he did at the present period; and an experienced sporting gentleman well known in the P. R., as a backer, offered to bet that he was nearly a stone and a half heavier than his opponent. He also appeared perfectly at his ease; coolness sat upon his brow and his deportment altogether was a fine personification: indeed, to use the expressions of a Corinthian Sprig of Fashion, related to one of the Mansions of the Arabian Nights' quality for riches and grandeur, "there is something about the person of the Champion, if not truly noble, yet manly and elegant." Langan, also, looked well; his face exhibited a tinge of the sun, and his frame was robust and hardy. His loins appeared smaller than in his former contest. His countenance was equally as pleasant and placid as his opponent's; his ogles sparkled with fire and animation, and in his mind he seemed to say:

Thy gallant bearing, Tom, I could applaud;
But the name of Champion I must wear,
Or perish in the attempt.

Previous to setting-to, Langan went up to Spring, opening his drawers, and observed, "See, Tom, I have no *belt* about me;" the Champion immediately followed his example, and (also opening his drawers) "Nor I neither, Jack!" This circumstance produced great applause from all parts of the ring. "Well done, Langan; bravo, Spring!" Spring now shook his brave opponent by the hand. Cribb laid hold of Tom Belcher's mauley; and Ned Painter shook O'Neal's (the new Long One, *unried* Patlander) bunch of fives with manliness and friendship. The men placed themselves in attitudes. The glorious moment had now arrived; and the seconds, in strict compliance with the articles, retired to the four corners of the stage. Quite different from the battle at Worcester, Langan stood up within the reach of his adversary, and it was pleasing to witness the activity displayed by the combatants, both prepared, moving over the stage to obtain the first hit. A stand still, steadfastly looking at the eyes of each other; at length Langan made a hit, which Spring stopped well. The Champion made a hit, which told slightly on Langan's nob; the latter fought his way into a close, in which Spring endeavored to illustrate "a bit of good truth," by fibbing his antagonist. Here the struggle began for the throw---it was desperate; the art of wrestling was not resorted to by either of the boxers; and main strength was the result. Langan separated from the arms of Spring, and a stand still was the result. Langan observed, "First blood, Tom;" which slightly appeared at the corner of Spring's mouth. The Irish Champion made a good stop, but he was blowing a little. Spring planted another facer, when Langan fought his way into a close: a desperate struggle ensued: telling the truth and fibbing was again the scene of controversy, when Langan went down on his knees. Spring patted the Irish Champion on the back with the utmost good humor, as much as to say, "You are a brave fellow." (Handfuls of applause. A thundering report of approbation, and "Well done, Spring!") Four minutes and a few seconds. The Referee, on being asked who drew the first blood, replied, "He did not see any on Spring; but he saw a little on the left cheek of Langan, just under his eye."

2. The spectators were completely satisfied that Langan must have possessed more than ordinary confidence on looking at the disparity of the men, when in attitudes, opposed to each other. Spring stood over the Irish Champion with the utmost ease. Langan made play; but Spring, with the nimbleness of a harlequin, showed the utility of a quick step. The Irish Champion made a rush, when they were again entangled for a short time, pulling each other all to pieces, until Langan broke away. A stand still: breath wanting: and consideration necessary. Langan gave Spring a severe facer with his right hand, and he tried to repeat the dose; another harlequin movement prevented it, Spring smiling. A little bit of infighting: a desperate struggle for the throw: downright strength, when Spring went down, Langan falling heavily upon him. Bravo! Langan! you are a *brick* of a boy.

3. The attitudes of the combatants were highly interesting, and both extremely cautious. Spring got away from a rum one that was intended for his nob. The science displayed on both sides was so excellent in stopping the efforts of each other, that in the ecstacy of the moment the great Commander-in-Chief loudly exclaimed "beautiful!" Another skilful stop was made by Spring; and one also by Langan. "Well done: good on both sides," observed Mr. Jackson. Langan planted a hit. A pause. "Fight, Langan," from Belcher: "you have all the best of it." Spring drove Langan to the corner, but the hero of the black *fogle* got out of his danger in style. He made also an excellent stop while on the retreat. Langan made himself up to do mischief; and Spring received loud applause in stopping a tremendous hit. The Champion also bobbed his nob aside in the Dutch Sam style from a sickener that might have proved; a floorer to a certainty it must have been, had the blow arrived at its intended destination. The Champion also made another good bob, (applause,) worth to him perhaps £500. Spring now took the lead, famously. He planted a corker without any return; repeated the dose, and also administered a third pill without charging a halfpenny for his exertions. "How cheap!" said a Sheeny. "O, my nose," observed a flash cove. "It's bothered his snuff shop," cried a smoke-a-pipe blade. Langan again got out of the corner like a trump. A short stand still. Heavy counter hits. "Very nasty, Mr. Broad-day, for both of their tell tales, I should think," was the remark from a sly chap belonging to the Partiality Club, and a disciple of the Sage of the East. A pause. Spring made another facer. A stand still. The Champion stopped well, and also drove Langan into the corner, but the Hero of the Black Wipe would not be detained; he fought his way out manly; and in closing, the struggle was terrible, but Spring obtained the throw. [Loud Applause.] This round occupied nearly seven minutes. The left hand of Spring was going, if not gone.

4. The "good bit of stuff from ould Ireland" endeavored to take the lead, and had the best of this round: for why? Because he fought first. He planted one or two hits, and not light ones neither, and would have kept it up to the end of the chapter; but Spring said "it would'nt do," and stopped him. In fact, this was a well contested round on both sides; but Langan, after a terrible try for it, got Spring down. [Applause.]

5. The left ear of Langan exhibited strong symptoms of pepper; he was also piping very much; and his want of condition was visible to every judge of milling. The superior science of Spring enabled him to get away from a number of heavy blows. Langan followed his opponent, trying to do something. Two counter-hits, which reminded both of the men they were milling; the claret ran from Spring's nose. Spring planted a facer: and after a most determined struggle on both sides, as Langan was going down, the Champion very cleverly hit him a hard blow on the nose. "That's the way Spring, you'll soon win it."

6. A stand still for a short time; Spring always taking his time to do his work. Counter-hits that were nothing to anybody, and a little too much for the combatants. Such scarlet remembrancers in the courts of law would have put an end to a long yarn much sooner than a nod from the *Big Wig*, with all his power. Langan began to snift; indeed, Spring had given him a little claret: but the Hero of the Black Fogle was equally as generous whenever he had an opportunity of serving the Champion in his turn. Both down, but Spring uppermost.

7. This was a prime milling round. Langan stopped well. Counter-hits, and good ones. The stopping on both sides was truly excellent, and obtained loud applause. "Be ready, my boy," said Belcher, "fight first; he can't hurt you!"---"Walker," replied Tom Cribb, "gammon him to that if you can." Langan followed the advice of his able second, and put a tremendous hit under Spring's left ogle. The Irish Champion tried to repeat it, but it was "no go." A pause. Spring planted a facer. Langan got away from another intended for him. The left hand of Spring told well on his opponent's body: he also planted three facers without any return. Counter-hits, of no consequence to any persons but the owners; and far from being welcome to either Spring or Langan. The Hero of the Black Fogle with his left hand touched Spring's body. A stand still. "Keep up your head, Langan." Spring followed his opponent, administering pepper, and Langan's face clareted. Langan endeavored to put in a heavy blow, but the harlequin step of Spring would not have it. Langan napt two or three hits in succession; in fact, he was quite groggy; but nevertheless he fought like a man, and was mischievous, and gave Spring a nobber. In closing, Spring could not throw him, when they separated. In closing again, after another struggle, Langan received a topper as he was staggering and going down. [Great applause.] "It won't last long; 5 to 2, and 3 to 1, Spring will win it in a few rounds;" the backers of the Champion were smiling, and said "It is all right."

8. Belcher got his man up very heavily; but on his being placed at the scratch, he showed fight and got away from a hit. However Spring had decidedly the best of the round and Langan was thrown. Twenty-six minutes.

9. This was also a short round, but against the Irish Champion. Spring planted two or three nobbers; and he also got his opponent down.

10. It was evident to every one that Langan up to this time had the worst of it; and the general opinion was, that he must lose the battle. Spring planted two successful blows, without any return. Langan was getting better, and he made an exchange of blows with some effect. Belcher again cried out, "Fight, Jack." In struggling for the throw, Mr. O'Neil sung out, "Give him a back fall, Jack, but don't hurt him." And sure enough Mr. Spring received a back fall.

11. Langan was now fast recovering his second wind, and he went to work. An exchange of blows. A pause. Langan planted a slight body hit with his left hand. Counter-hits, Langan down, and Spring fell upon him.

12. In the struggle for the throw, Spring was undermost. "Bravo, Langan!" The head of the Champion had an ugly knock against the lower rail of the stage.

13. Spring is one of the most difficult boxers on the list to be got at; however, Langan put in a body blow. In closing, both down, Spring uppermost.

14. Spring was getting weak, and Langan was improving: so said the most experienced judge of boxing belonging to the P. C. Indeed it is accounted for without any difficulty whatever; as a superior fighter, Spring ought not to have wrestled so much with his opponent. The strongest man in the world must have felt weakness had he been engaged in such violent pulling, hauling, grappling, catching hold of each other's hands, like the two combatants. This round was little more than a struggle for the throw, Langan undermost.

15. It was now known to all the ring that the left hand of Spring was gone; indeed it was swelled and puffed up like a blister. Langan planted a left handed blow, but Spring stopped his right. In closing, the struggle was great, and as Langan was going down, Spring hit his nob. [Foul, foul!---Fair, fair!] It was not intentional on the part of Spring, he was in the act of hitting, and therefore it could not be decided as wrong.

16. Considering fairly on the subject, under all the disparagement of circumstances, Langan was a very troublesome customer. The remarks made by some persons were, that he did not fight well, although they were compelled to allow that he was an extraordinary game man. But the fact speaks for itself. Langan was the shorter and the lighter man; and he ought to be entitled to praise for hitting so leary a boxer as Spring at all. The counter-hits in this round were well placed; but it was regretted by several sporting men to see such numerous and desperate struggles between them. Yet, to their credit be it spoken, neither of the men wished to go down unhandsomely; and that accounts for such wrestling. After almost pulling each other's joints out of their sockets, both went down together. Langan patted the back of Spring with the utmost good humor, both smiling.

17. The fine science of Spring was again exhibited in skilfully stopping his opponent; but in closing, he received a dangerous cross-buttock, which shook him terribly, and his legs rebounded from the ground. A cheering ray of applause for Langan.

18. It was not very flattering to the backers of Spring to have witnessed the manner with which Langan had got round. The Irish Champion went resolutely in, and planted two hits. In closing, Spring tried the fibbing system, when Langan broke away. Both of the combatants, in turn, retreated from the blows of each other. Both down.

19. The Champion showed weakness: it would indeed have been a singular circumstance if he had not; and he bobbed his head aside, from a tremendous right handed blow of Langan's, which might have settled the account in favor of the hero of the Black Fogle. Spring, however, in this round, threw Langan with ease.

20. Spring stopped several blows; and the Irish Champion was thrown violently on his head; and Spring also fell very heavy upon him. Forty five minutes had occurred. "That fall is a settler. He can't fight above another round or two."

21. Spring nobbed his opponent: a severe struggle took place at the corner of the stage, and some fears were expressed that the men might fall through the rails upon the ground. Langan received another heavy fall.

22. Langan, according to the advice of Belcher, fought first, but his efforts were stopped: and he again went down, Spring uppermost. During the time the Champion was sitting on the knee of his second, he nodded, and gave a smile to his friends, intimating "It was all right."

23. This was a short round, and Spring fibbed Langan down, very severely to all appearance; yet, strange to say, on being picked up and placed on his second's knee, when asked to have some brandy and water by Belcher, and who told Harmer, who was below the stage, to hand it up, "Stop a bit, Harry, only keep it *cool*." The President of the Daffy Club, who was standing close by at the time, observed, "What a strange fellow!"

24. After three heavy falls in succession, and a heavy fibbing in the next round, yet Langan came up with as much pluck to the scratch as if nothing had happened to him. Langan put in a body blow but he was thrown.

25. Spring, although he had got the lead by his superior science and length, yet, nevertheless, he was determined not to give a chance away, and was as cautious as when he first commenced the battle. He retreated from Langan's blows, but planted some blows with success; and ultimately Langan was down.

26. Langan made play, but Spring was too leary. Both down; Spring uppermost.

27. The Champion was evidently distressed, and his right hand was also getting bad. Some exchanges took place; but in a trifling struggle at the corner of the stage, it appeared to Spring's umpire that Langan went down without a blow; when he observed to Belcher, "Tell your man not to go down without a blow; I shall notice it." "I assure you, gentlemen," replied Tom, "some blows had passed in the round, and it could not be termed going down without a blow, according to the rules of fighting." Blows, most certainly, had passed between the combatants.

28. Langan walked up to the umpire, and said, "Sir, I did not go down." Time had been called, when Cribb sung out, "Why don't you come to the scratch, what manœuvres are you about, Mr. Belcher?" "I want nothing but fair play," replied Tom; "lick us fairly, and I shall be satisfied." Langan again made play, but ultimately he was thrown, well for [illegible]

29. Spring planted a heavy facer. "That's a little one for us, I believe," Said Cribb; "our hands are gone, are they?" laughing. Langan suffered a dreadful fall.

30. It is quite certain Langan could not get the lead in his favor, but still he was not to be viewed with indifference; he was still dangerous, as a throw might have won the battle for him. Both down; Spring undermost.

31. This round, more particularly at this stage of the fight, exalted the character of Langan as one of the gamest men alive. Langan planted a body blow, but he napt three facers in succession. A pause. Langan received a heavy body blow. He was now terribly exhausted, and fell down on his latter end.

32. This round, it was thought, would have proved the *quietus* of Langan. He was thrown heavily upon his head, which touched the lower rail. "That's a finisher? He'll not come up again," were the remarks of the spectators.

33. Spring's conduct towards Langan was generous and manly; and deservedly applauded by the spectators. Langan rushed in, and made a blow at his opponent, which Spring parried; and then laying hold of Langan let him down without any punishment.

34. The determination of Langan not only astonished all the amateurs, but alarmed a little the backers of Spring. Without an accident it was booked almost to a certainty that Spring must win: but still an accident might happen; nay, it was impossible to assert that an accident might not occur. Langan could not persuade himself that anything alive could master him: his backers were aware of his opinion, and therefore they would not oppose his resolution. The Irish Champion had again the worst of it, and went down very much distressed. One hour and seven minutes had transpired; therefore all the bets that Spring proved the conquerer in an hour, were lost.

35. This was a milling round. Langan would not go away although hit to pieces. His face was covered with claret, and he went down as if he would not have been able to come again. Four to one.

36. This was ditto, with repeated, if not increased punishment; yet Langan returned, and Spring, with a caution that all his backers must give him credit for, got away whenever anything like a heavy blow was levelled at him. Langan fell down quite exhausted. "Take the brave fellow away! Where are his backers?" "Very good, indeed," repled Belcher; "you are not hurt yet, Jack; and his hands are too far gone to hurt you now!" "I will not give in;" said Langan, "I shall win it."

37. Langan fought in this round much better than any of the spectators could anticipate. He planted a couple of hits: it is true they were not effective, but it showed the fight was not out of him. The Irish Champion, it should have been recollected, fought under the Black Flag, "Death or Victory." NO, he would not say, Langan could not have got such a sentence out of his mouth. Langan went down in a way that every brave heart felt pity for him.

38. Belcher brought his man up to the scratch, nay, almost carried him, when, singular to relate, game cock like, all his energies appeared as if they returned to him; and he commenced milling like a hero. Spring, in succession, planted four blows without any return, till he went down.

39. Langan was again down on the stage.

40. The Hero of the Black Fogle showed fight till he went down quite exhausted.

41. A short round; but it was surprising to witness the strength exhibited by Langan to obtain the throw. Both down, when Spring patted him on the back.

42. Langan was undermost in this round, but Spring really had his work to do to place his opponent in that situation.

43. Langan again undermost, and Spring fell heavily upon him. "Talk of giving in, Jack! why you have not got a scratch yet."

44. Spring planted a facer, but he met with a return. In struggling for the throw, Langan took hold of the drawers of Spring, when Cribb and Painter called out, "Let go his drawers." Langan immediately relinquished his hold. The Irish Champion was thrown.

45. Langan hit Spring on the side of his head, and fought well in an exchange of blows. Spring, however, obtained the throw.

46. It was astonishing, after getting the worst of it in the previous rounds, to witness the resolute manner with which Langan contended in this round. He was still dangerous in an exchange of blows; and in struggling both fell upon the stage, Langan undermost.

47. Langan, on being placed at the scratch, was ready for the attack. In a short time, after struggling, both went down. The John Bull Fighter roared out---"I am sorry for you, Tom Belcher; you will certainly be lagged if you do not take your man away." "Well done, Josh," replied Belcher, "That comes well from you; we shall win it; Spring can't hurt a mouse now." He then gave Langan some brandy and water.

48. Spring exhibited weakness; but he threw Langan heavily.

49. Astonishing! Langan still made a fight for it. In an exchange of blows, however exhausted the brave boy from Paddy's Land appeared to be, Spring used the Harlequin's step to prevent all accidents. In struggling for the throw, both down.

50. At the scratch Langan again showed himself ready. "My dear boy," said Belcher, "it is all your own if you will but fight first." Langan put in a body blow, and he also countered with his opponent; but the Irish Champion had the worst of it, and went down.

51. Seeing is believing; but to the reader who has perused the whole of the above rounds, it must almost appear like a romance to state that Langan held Spring for a short time against the rails to get the throw, till they both went down, and Spring, with all his weight, fell upon him.

52. Spring stopped a blow; and it is also true that Spring got away from another; but ultimately Langan was hit down.

53. Langan went to work and hit Spring on the nose; but the Champion returned the favor, with interest, by nobbing his brave adversary down. "Is there anything the matter with that hand, I should like to know? (laughing.) Lord! how Spring did hit him in the middle of the head?" Cribb observed.

54. "'Pon my soul, It's no lie! I'll bet a thousand of it." Langan threw Spring cleverly. Great applause followed this circumstance. "He's an extraordinary fellow," said Mr. Jackson, "he is really a very good man.

55. Spring again had all the best of this round; but Langan kept fighting till he went down.

56. This round it was thought had settled the business. Langan exchanged several blows; but in closing Spring hit up terrifically on the face of his opponent, till he went down like a log of wood.

57. Langan commenced milling, and planted a blow on the side of Spring's head; "do that again," said Belcher. Langan endeavored to follow the directions of his master, but the Champion got away. Spring now hit him staggering, repeated the dose, when Langan went down.

58. This was a good round, considering the protracted state of the battle.---Langan returned some blows, till he went down.---"Take him away."---"He has no chance."

59. Langan appeared so completely exhausted that every round was expected to be his last. He went down from a very slight hit; nay, little more than a *push*.

60. "Wonders will never cease!" said a cove who had lost a trifle that Langan was licked in forty minutes---"why he has got Spring down again; and it is not so safe to the Champion as his friends may think."

61. Langan was now as *groggy* as a sailor three sheets in the wind; and a slight blow sent him down. "I never saw such a fellow," said Jack Randall, "he'll fight for a week! He don't know when to leave off." "You are right, Jack," replied a Military Hero, "Langan reminds me of a remark of General Suwarrow, who was so tired of mowing down the Prussian Grenadiers, that he exclaimed angrily, "damn these fellows, there is no getting rid of them. The more we kill, greater numbers appear on the field---they ought to know when they have got enough of it."---Langan seemed to belong to the above corps.

62. The distress exhibited by Langan was so great that every time he went down, it was thought he could not appear again at the *scratch*. If the spectators did not think Langan dangerous, Spring got away from all his hits, to prevent any thing being the matter.---Langan again sent down.

63. Langan was still determined to have a *shy* for the £500, and he made a hit at Spring; but he was sent down.

64. The three to one, and even betters of a higher description, were not exactly easy in their minds upon the subject. Some little *palpitations* were discovered, although the odds might, at this period, be ten to one in their favor. For the last fifteen minutes it was next to an impossibility Spring could lose; yet, contrary to all calculations upon the subject, Langan still contested the fight. The hands of Spring were in such a dreadful, not to say painful state, that he could not perform the execution he wished. Here was the danger, as it was possible that he might be worn out; but his caution and generalship did every thing for him towards victory. Langan was so piteously distressed, that a slight touch on his arm sent him down. A good blow must have put an end to the fight in an instant; but Spring could not hit effectually.

65. Langan, when at the scratch, not only showed fight, but he hit Spring on the head; the latter, however, had the best of the round, but Langan got the throw, Spring undermost. "Where's the brandy," said Belcher. "Here it is," reptied Tom Crib; "a brave fellow shall not want for any thing in my possession!" "Bravo!" cried Belcher, "that is friendly, and I shall not forget it."

66. The chance was decidedly against the Irish Champion; but nevertheless he attempted to be troublesome to his opponent. Spring put in a nobber, and also threw him.

67. Exchange of blows. A pause. Langan on the totter; but he planted two hits on the Champion's face; Spring followed him up, and gave Langan two blows, one in the body and one in the head, which dropped the Hero of the *Black Fogle*.

68. The bravery of Langan was equal to anything ever witnessed in the Prize Ring. The hands of Spring were now in such a dreadful state, that he could scarcely close them, the most of his blows appeared to be open-handed. Langan, in an exhausted state, was hit down. "Take him away!" "Do you hear what they say, Jack?" "Yes," replied Langan; "I will not be taken away; I can win it!"

69. In struggling for the throw, Langan's head fell against the stake; both down.

70. Langan again napt on the nobbing system, and was sent down. One hour and forty-two minutes had elapsed Loud cries of "Take him away!"

71. The backers of Spring were anxious to have it over; and the spectators in general cried out, on the score of humanity, that Langan ought not to be suffered to fight any more. Col. O'Neil, the friend and backer of the Irish Champion, assured the umpire that he did not want for humanity; and he was well satisfied in his own mind, that, from the state of Spring's hands, no danger could arise. Langan was fighting for £200 of his own battle money, therefore he had no right to interfere; he had, previous to the fight, left it in the hands of his skilful friend, Belcher, who, he was certain, would not allow the fight to lastlonger than was safe to all parties. Langan, after a short round, was sent down.

72. It was the struggle of a hero to obtain glory; and to a brave mind defeat is more terrific than death. The Irish Champion was ambitious of conquest; and he felt the inspiring words of our immortal bard to the utmost extent;---

"What man dare, I dare!
And damn'd be he, that first cries, hold! enough!"

Langan was brought to the scratch by Belcher, who said, "Fight, my dear boy, Spring can't hurt you." Langan, with undaunted resolution, plunged in to hit his opponent; but, after receiving additional punishment, he was sent down. Loud cries of "Take him away."

73. It was now evident to all persons, that Langan, while he retained the slightest knowledge of what he was about, would not give in. Spring fibbed Langan in the severest manner he was able, to put an end to the fight, till he went kown. Here Jack Randall came close to the stage, and said, "Tom Belcher, take him away, he cannot win it now." "He says, he will not, Jack; and he can fight longer," replied Tom Belcher.

74. This round was a fine picture of resolution; it was a beautiful portrait of the capabilities of the mind when under the most dangerous and distressing circumstances. Langan without the slightest shadow of chance. Nature fatigued, over-done, completely worn out, and refusing to second his will; Langan angry that his limbs would not do their duty; Langan, in spite of all these overwhelming difficulties, came again to the scratch, and with efforts of true courage fought till he was sent down. While sitting on the knee of his second, Cribb thus addressed him: "You are a brave man, Langan!"---"A better was never seen in the Prize Ring," joined Painter; "but you can't win, Langan; it is no use for you to fight, and it may prove dangerous to you." "I will fight," said Langan; "no one shall take me away!"

75. When time was called, Langan was brought to the scratch, he could scarcely walk, but he placed himself in attitude, although staggering at all points. He attempted to hit, when Spring caught hold of his opponent, and fibbed him severely. "Give not a chance away now" said Cribb, "you must finish the battle." Langan went down quite stupid. (Take him away, from all parts of the ring.)

76, and last. Strange to relate, Langan again showed at the scratch; he was nearly in a state of insensibility, and it might be truly asserted that he fought from instinct, and under the doctrine of the *black flag*---"rather die than to yield!" It did not require much punishment at this period to send the brave Langan off his legs; and to the credit of Spring be it recorded, he did his duty towards his backers as a fighting man, and he acted humanely towards an opponent, that he must to the end of his life have the highest notions of respect for as a man. Langan put up his arms in attitude; but they were soon rendered useless, Spring fibbing him down without giving much punishment. When time was called, Langan was insensible to it.

After a contest of one hour and forty nine minutes, the hat was thrown up, and Spring was declared the conqueror amidst the loudest shouts of approbation. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Sant immediately ascended the stage: Mr. Sant congratulated Spring on his victory; but concluded, "if you ever fight again, I will never speak to you any more. Tom, I never saw such bad hands in any battle." Spring replied, "Sir, I never will." He then left the knee of his second, and went up to Langan, and laid hold of his hand. The Irish Champion had not yet recovered, but on opening his eyes, he asked in a faint tone, "Is the battle over?" "Yes," replied Belcher. "O, dear!" articulated Langan. Spring immediately shook his hand again, and said, "Jack, you and I must be friends to the end of our lives; and anything that is within my power, I will serve you. When I see you in town, I will give you ten pounds." Spring then left the stage with his friends to go to the Swan Hotel, Chichester. He was received by the shouts of the populace all along the road; and the ladies waving their handkerchiefs at the windows as he passed along. Langan, as soon as he had recovered a little from the effects of the battle, left the stage amidst very loud tokens of approbation. "You are an extraordinary fellow. Langan, a brave man." &c.

The Irish Champion, accompanied by Belcher and his backer, also received great applause on his return to the Dolphin, in Chichester; and the fair sex were equally liberal in waving their handkerchiefs as Langan passed by their windows. Spring was immediately put to bed, and bled, and a warm bath prepared for him. His hands were frightful, and his face also exhibited much more punishment than appeared upon the stage; but he was cheerful and collected. The same kind attention was paid to Langan; and on being asked by the writer of this article how he felt himself? he replied, "Very well; I have lost the battle, but it is owing to my want of condition; I am not quite twelve stone; I have been harrassed all over the country; I have travelled two hundred and sixty miles within the last two days; I was feverish, and was on the road instead of my bed on Saturday night; I wanted rest." On making his man comfortable, Belcher, accompanied by his bottle-holder, and also Colonel O'Neal, in the true spirit of chivalry, all rivalry now being at an end, paid a visit to the bedside of Spring. Here all was friendly, as it should be; and all parties now being anxious for the recovery of both of the pugilists. "How is Langan?" said Spring to Belcher. "He is doing well," replied Tom. "I am glad of it," said Spring. "We have had a fair fight, we have been licked, and I am beaten," observed Belcher. All parties [illegible] over the bad

of the conqueror. On leaving Spring, Mr. Sant, followed by Tom Cribb and Ned Painter, immediately returned with Colonel O'Neal to the bedside of Langan. Mr. Sant observed, "Well, Langan, how do you do---do you know me? You can't see me." "Yes, sir," replied the fallen hero. "I am Spring's backer," said Mr. Sant, "but nevertheless, your friend." "I am obliged to you, sir," answered Langan, "if it was not for such gentlemen as you in the sporting world, we should have no fights---Indeed, Tom Spring is a smart, clever fellow, and I wish him well." "That is liberal," said Painter, "and I am happy to hear one brave man speak well of another." The visitors now retired, and left Langan to repose himself.

REMARKS.

The above contest was one of the fairest battles we ever witnessed: it was truly delightful to view such conduct. Langan and Spring had twenty-four square feet for their exertions, without the slightest interruption throughout the mill. The seconds and bottle-holders did their duty like men: they remained as fixtures during the whole of the fight, except when the rounds were at an end, and their assistance became necessary. The umpires were gentlemen: an Englishman for Spring, and an Irishman for Langan; and they both acted like gentlemen: they watched every movement of the men, that nothing like foul play should be attempted on either side: and they had the satisfaction of feeling there was no difference of opinion between them in any instance whatever, and likewise no necessity to call upon the Referee for a decision to decide between them in case of a dispute.

Langan has been beaten against his will: and it decides our report of the battle at Worcester, and therefore sets all disputes upon that head at rest. The conduct of Belcher deserves the highest praise as a second in this battle; he stuck to his man like glue; and his humanity ought not to be called in question: he was anxious that no reports should reach Ireland, or be scattered over England, that he had given in for his man. Langan previous to the battle requested, nay, insisted, that his bottle holder nor second should take upon themselves that privilege which only rested in his own bosom. They complied with it; and Langan, we repeat, has been conquered against his will.

He could not control the uncertain chance of war! But the *argument* is ---the "comparison." We assert, therefore, without the fear of contradiction, it was no match between Spring and Langan, and Langan only was to blame to make it. But the Irish Champion was ambitious, and dearly has he paid for that ambition; yet there was something about it aspiring and noble. The greatest fault we find with Langan, and it is a fault we hope he will correct in future. He held his opponent too lightly: and he also began at the wrong end of the P. R.: the bottom of the tree is perhaps the safest to commence at for a novice: with the middle of it, perhaps, there might not have been any danger, and even a good chance for Langan, had he been engaged with a customer near the top, for his first essay; but to endeavor to "out-top the top of the tree" was trebly hazardous, and he has fallen in the aspiring attempt. But, nevertheless, he has risen in the estimation of his countrymen; he has also risen in the hearts of all brave Englishmen; and twenty thousand or more spectators, at Man-Wood, near Chichester, pronounced him one of the bravest men alive! We shall offer no excuse for Langan---and the ridiculous "*if*," we shall not resort to. Langan, most certainly, was out of condition; his mode of training, if training it could be called, could not do him any service. He was not a week together in any single place. After the match was made he went to Dublin, Manchester, Bristol, &c., &c.; and his journey to Leamington, (which was purely accidental, and could not be avoided,) then back again, on the place of fighting being altered, no man will deny that such a journey took some rounds out of him in the battle, which rounds he wanted very much towards the end of the fight.

After thirty minutes had elapsed, it appeared to be the general opinion of the ring, by the advantages Spring had gained, that the battle would be decided in forty minutes; but at that period Langan recovered, and Spring became weaker, and the best judges declared they did not know what to make of it. The strength of Langan, certainly for several rounds, did not make it decidedly safe to Spring.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From Bell's Life, January 22.

THE EGYPTIAN CHALLENGE.

MR. EDITOR: I have received a letter from R. H. Galloway, Esq., at Alexandria, dated 2d January, in which he says, "In compliance with your request I have submitted your offer to send out one or more race horses to run against an Arab horse. H. H. Halleam Pasha (who is second son of the late Mahomed Ali, and was educated in France, and is a most intelligent, gentlemanly prince) is ready to run any horse you may think fit to send, for a distance of forty miles, for the sum of £10,000 sterling. H. H. would not object to the run being twenty miles out and back again." I hope, for the honor of England, this spirited challenge will be accepted by Admiral Rous and a committee of noblemen and gentlemen, who could easily form a bank in shares of £100 each, of which I should be happy to take one or more, as I feel assured the money is as good as if it were in our pockets. It is said the horse which H. H. proposes to run is a common bred hack, of extraordinary endurance. We ought to send out, next October, a well-bred English hunter or steeple-chaser, in order that the race may be run the last week in February, 1855, before the hot weather begins. It would be a mistake to send a high-bred race horse, inasmuch as the ground to be run over (the Desert) is not smooth, or in any manner like a race course, being [illegible] sandy. There

is no chance whatever of getting the distance diminished, as H. H. considers that is the only chance of his gaining, but I think he will find himself woefully mistaken. Of course three or four horses must be selected in order to have a few strings to our bow, and sent by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer direct from Southampton, as it is large, and offers good accomodations. A good supply of oats and hay must be forwarded, as neither are to be obtained in Egypt; likewise shoes, and all other grooming utensils. Two or three grooms of light weight, accustomed to a hard day's riding, must accompany the expedition; and, perhaps, some of us should go out to see fair play, although I do not think this absolutely necessary, as I am sure our English friends at Alexandria will take care of our interests.—Yours, &c.

H. GUEDALLA.

Gresham Club, London, Jan. 20, 1854.

[Though almost similar to the challenge which appeared in our columns, several months back, we give insertion to the above, in the hope of its bringing about a match of some sort or other between the English and Arab horses. The suggestion to carry out the undertaking in shares is a feasible one, and for the honor of Old England we should like to see so bold a challenge accepted. —ED.]

The English Ring.

From Bell's Life, January 22.

FIGHTS TO COME.

FEB 14. Poulson and Paddock—100 side, London.

FEB 14. Malpas and Brittle—£50 side Dudley.

FEB 28. Tom Sayers and Sims—£50 to £25, London.

MAR 25. Pat Murphy and Andy Moore—£50 a side, Dublin.

APRIL 11. The Spider and Alfred Walker---£100 a side, London.

APRIL 25. Bill Barry and Hawkes of Birmingham---£100 a side, London.

APRIL 19. Paddy Gill and McNulty—£100 a side, London.

MAY 23. Johnny Walker and Billy Hayes---£100 a side London.

A MERRY MILL FOR A PIGEON.—BARSTON AND WITTON.—On Monday last, during a shooting match on Uxbridge Common, J. Barston of Uxbridge and W. Witton of West Drayton, two youths about 20 years of age, and nearly 10st in weight, who were out scouting for the pigeons, having fallen out with regard to the right of a pigeon which Barston had shot, and which Witton picked up, it was agreed to fight for it, and they at once stripped to the buff, and commenced proceedings, going to work in good earnest, some heavy hitting taking place on both sides. For the first five or six rounds Witton had a little the best of it, and was backed freely by the Londoners, but, in the seventh round, Barston dashed in one, two, upon Witton's conk, which brought forth the claret in fine style; the latter, nothing daunted, rattled away, and some heavy exchanges took place on both sides, until both went to grass. The betting was now 2 to 1 upon Barston, who henceforth took the lead. They continued rattling away right and left, without attempting to stop a blow excepting with their heads, until they had fought 27 rounds, in one hour and a quarter, when Barston was declared the winner, but rather unsatisfactorily, in consequence of his having fallen foul upon Witton. There was a large attendance of spectators, including several of the fancy, many of whom freely sported their money upon the event. A small sum was immediately gathered, and divided between the men. Barston, who is a clean-built fellow, would, with attention, polish off more than many would anticipate.

JONES AND CROCKETT.—This match is off, the money being drawn by consent. The difficulty was the choice of a referee. Jones's backers objected to Jem Ward, who was proposed by Crockett's backers, and Crockett and his friends objected to Owen Swift, who was nominated by Jones. It is right to state that both men expressed their willingness to agree to any one, but feared they could not get their money unless they pleased those who promised to back them.

POULSON AND PADDOCK.—Another deposit of £10 aside was made between these big ones at Mr. Battle's, Coach and Horses, Leather-lane, Holborn, on Tuesday last. The next of £10 aside is to be made at Ben Caunt's Coach and Horses, St. Martin's-lane, on Tuesday next.

BARRY AND HAWKES.—We have received the second deposit of £5 aside for this match. The next deposit of £5 aside is to be made at Jemmy Welsh's, George, East Harding-street, Farringdon Market, on Wednesday next.

Fat Hatch and Tom Marrett met at Jones's, Lord Nelson, Earl-street, Kensington, on Monday, and staked £1 aside. They are to meet at the same house to-morrow (Monday) evening, to increase the stakes and draw articles.

GILL AND M'NULTY.—A further deposit of £5 aside between these men was forwarded on Thursday last, and duly received. The next is to be sent next week.

MALPAS AND BRITTLE.—We have received a further deposit for this match. The next is to be sent on Thursday.

W. Sheppard of the Mint is prepared to fight H. Good, waiter at Mr. Hembrey's, the George, Drury-court, Strand, for £10 or £20 aside. Man and money ready at Mr. Bradshaw's, Hampshire Hog, Rederose-street, Borough, on Monday evening. To fight in the same ring as Poulson and Paddock.

Flea Harry (the baker) of Mile End [illegible] he went to the place appointed by Ledger in our last, to make a match, but the latter did not put in an appearance. If Ledger means business, Harry will fight him for £20 or £50 a-side, and meet him at Joe Rowe's, Halfway House, Pimlico-road, [illegible] Tuesday.

FATAL PRIZE FIGHT

BETWEEN

LILLY AND M'COY,

AT HASTINGS, N. Y., ON TUESDAY, SEPT. 13, 1842.

The fight between Christopher Lilly and Thomas McCoy originated at a sparring exhibition in the Bowery, where both parties met shortly after the former's victory over Murphy. They had been old acquaintances, and there was an unsettled grudge between them. Amid the general encomiums bestowed on the youthful conqueror, McCoy's voice was silent, and when challenged for his opinion, he gave it in opposition to the prevailing sentiment. This Lilly couldn't bear, and feelling desirous to brush away any existing doubt from his rival's mind, asked Tom to put the gloves on with him for a set-to and try. But the latter refused, and in an instant, Lilly hit him a straightforward blow that carried him to the floor. McCoy rose and rushed in, but they were soon separated, and a match was instantly proposed. Everything was soon arranged; a deposit was, either that evening or the next day, made, and each party went in active training—McCoy into the hands of James Sandford, and Lilly in the care of McGee.

On Tuesday morning, 13th Sept. 1842, the appointed time, the fight came off according to the articles of agreement.

The morning was just such a one as people generally prefer for not intruding upon, as the rain poured in torrents, the consequence of which was, that not ne-fourth of the number that witnessed the fight between Sullivan and Bell ere in attendance. The steamboat Saratoga, (McCoy's;) Indiana, (Lilly's;) Boston, Gazelle, Napoleon and Conroy, were all chartered to convey passengers to the spot selected for the fight, and between eight and nine oclock, as the rain ceased and the sun began to show himself, these boats took their departure from the city with only 1500 passengers. They proceeded up the Hudson about twenty miles, to a spot selected about half way betweeen Yonkers and Hastings, in Westchester Co. The position of the ground was excellent, being on a flat, lying between the Croton Acqueduct and the Hudson, slightly declining, and thus giving an amphitheatrical view from the ropes to the top of the reservoir. The termination of the sublime scenery of the pallisades opposite, the view of the noble Hudson, the villages of Piermount and Nyack, in the distance, on the opposite shore, and the exciting scene in the immediate vicinity, all tended to render the place selected as the very best spot that could have been chosen for the occasion, adding as it did to the comfort and convenience of all present. The arrangements in and about "the spot" were also good, there being two large outside rings shielding the "twenty-four feet square" from the crowd; the time was now drawing near when the men were to enter the ring, and every man was looking for a place to view the fight.

The followingaccount of the men and the battle is given by an eye-witness.

THE MEN.

Lilly is said to weigh 140, though many believe him to reach as high as 145 lbs.; he is twenty three years of age, and an inch taller than his antagonist. On stripping, he presented a fine appearance. His skin was very clear and light in color, but firm in texture and healthy in tone. His form is round almost to perfection; his sides, instead of branching from the waist, gradually outwwards to the arm-pits, circle concavely inwards like reversed crescents; his neck is strong and muscular in a high degree; his head—a fighting one, remarkably well set—small, round, bony, with a small featured dial, and his underworks, though at first somewhat light to the eye, are sufficiently strong for endurance.

If Lilly's appearance was fine, McCoy's was beautiful. His skin had a warmer glow than the former's; his form was more elegantly proportioned, and his air and *style* more graceful and manlike. His swelling breast curved out like a cuirass; his shoulders were deep, with a bold curved blade, and the muscular development of the arm large and finely brought out. His head was rather large and long, yet it indicated courage and a love for strife, and the manner in which it was set betokened strength. He was but twenty years and two months old, and weighed 137lbs.

THE FIGHT.

Lilly first entered the ring, attended by Ford and McCleester, the former seconds of Yankee Sullivan in both his battles; and on tossing up his cap, was warmly greeted with cheers from his side of the ring. McCoy soon after followed, with James Sanford and Henry Shanfroid, and on following suit with his castor, was greeted in like manner. While they were stripping, the interest was so great, that every man on the ground appeared to have a desire to stake something on the issue, and even bets, to a large amount, were made. Neither man could be said to be the favorite, for of the ten or twelve thousand dollars that were certainly known to be "up," all was evenly wagered. After the men were peeled, the Judges and Referee were selected, the toss was made for the choice of position and won by McCoy, who took the rising ground, though with it he had the sun directly in his eyes. When all was ready, McCoy went over to Lilly, and pulling out two bank notes of $100 each, wagered it with the latter; then both shook hands across with the seconds, retired to their corners, and awaited the [illegible]

Round 1. 1 o'clock, exactly. At the call of "time," both came directly up, neither offering the customary hypocrisy of a greeting. They sparred with some caution for a time; at length, McCoy slightly advanced across the scratch and watching his chance, let fly with his left, but was stopped. Lilly then shifted his ground, when McCoy closed, and during a short struggle, in which each endeavoured to fib, the latter was heavily thrown. Lilly rose unhurt and McCoy went smiling to his corner, with blood trickling from his left ear. (Shrieks of "first blood!" "hey, go it my Lilly!" from Sullivan and others in Lilly's corner.) Between this round and the next, a person said to be a magistrate of the county was pointed out to me, who appeared to be remonstrating with Sullivan and others; but on "time" being called I was obliged to withdraw my attention, and saw no more.

2. McCoy came up eagerly and with a remark of "You aint got old Murphy to deal with now," struck out, caught Lilly on the breast, but received a tremendous visitation on the mouth, in return, in straining forward to answer it, McCoy slipped and went down.

3. Some wary sparring and shifting about; at last Lilly hit out and caught McCoy severely on the neck, from which McCoy slipped down on his knee, Lilly smiling at him.

4. Both wary, McCoy giving ground and showing slight fatigue, Lilly made a slight push out at McCoy's breast, and McCoy went down. (Laughter and cries of "Bah! bah!" from Sullivan and Lilly's friends.)

5. Lilly came briskly in and went right to work, caught McCoy again on the mouth; McCoy countered and fell. (cries of "*foul*.")

5. Both eager, heavy exchanges by both, right and left: McCoy then rushed in, when Lilly chopped him with his right severely on the back; Tom, however, soon stopped this work, and in a short violent struggle both went to the ground, side by side.

7. McCoy came up,

> "———his lip and neck's pure dyes
> ———dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er,"

showing an eager desire to fight. In return to a pass he made, Lilly struck out with his left, caught his man in the abdomen, from which the latter fell, and rose from the ground pointing at his stomach and complaining of a "foul" blow. An uproar immediately ensued; the two parties voilently charging and denying during which the Judges agreed that the blow *was* "foul" and on appealing to the Referee, had their decision affirmed by him. Here the fight should have ended. But the principal backer of McCoy, from excess of generosity, refused what he called "an advantage," and though the decision was worth some thousands to him, demanded that the contest should go on. In the interim, some one had called "time," and the men, by appearing at the scratch, concluded all foregone exceptions.

8. Lilly led off with a sharp cheek blow, followed by a tremendous repeater on McCoy's mouth; McCoy then rushed in, and after a few sharp exchanges, closed, endeavored to throw Lilly, who turned him, however, as he was going down, and fell heavily on him.

9. Lilly came up bleeding freely at the nose—they went at it fiercely, and planted a heavy mutual hit; a little sparring and another counter followed, ending in a clinch, each firmly locking the other's hands. A dispute ensued, both claiming "foul"—considerable time elapsed, at the end of which, in obedience to the numerous cries of "fight! fight!" they struggled violently together, and McCoy was again turned under, with Lilly on him.

10. McCoy put in a severe body blow, and in following with the other hand over-reached himself and fell.

11. Even bets freely offered on McCoy—Lilly looking flimsy and distressed. McCoy came up smiling and confident, received a hit from Lilly on the chin, rallied and closed on him. Lilly caught him well and both fibbed severely, a struggle ensued, at the end of which Lilly turned McCoy and fell on him as before.

12. McCoy smiling and speaking in an under tone to his antagonist, as he squared up to him. "$100 to $80 on McCoy!" Cautious sparring: both struck out, and both stopped the ugly looking threatened visitations. McCoy made another heavy offer, which not getting home, in consequenc of a quick aside movement of Lilly's, threw him forward, badly off his guard, which Lilly took advantage of by giving him a sharp upper cut as he fell. This was done in a careless and rather contemptuous manner, as if he would say, "There, take that for your stupidity! (Cheers for Lilly.)

13. Tremendous counter—rush by both, and heavy exchanges, clinch, and McCoy down at the ropes.

14. "$100 to $60 on McCoy!" This offer, though McCoy had no perceptible advantage of Lilly, was not taken; Lilly's friends fearing, probably, that there was something more in it than met the eye. McCoy came up full of confidence, exclaiming, "Ah, I've got you now, old fellow, sure!" and planted two sounding body blows "Yes, you have!" answered Lilly scornfully, and following up the remark, made a hit at Mac's mouth which made everything ring again. McCoy, at this, rushed madly in and closed; but after receiving some severe punishment from Lilly's right on the small of the back, he was turned and the latter fell heavily on him.

15. Heavy countering. Lilly hit out below the belt, as low as the groin, but was stopped by McCoy (Cries of "foul.") Lilly hit again, closed and threw McCoy, and fell heavily upon him. McCoy on getting up, complained of being "hit foul;" the Judges saw it, and were again agreed, and loud cries of "foul" were shouted from all parts of the ring. Lilly's seconds defended him by saying that the blow was "thrown off" and McCoy's backers again passed away [illegible]

16. Heavy body blow thrown in by McCoy,—returned on the mouth by Lilly twice successively. McCoy rallied, rushed in, and sharp fibbing ensued by both—they then broke, exchanged another hit, closed again, and after a brief struggle, McCoy threw Lilly heavily, and fell on him. (Cheers and "$100 to $60 on McCoy!")

17. Lilly hit out weak, in answer to a light body blow from McCoy; he made another pass, and McCoy dropped.—(Hisses, and cries of "bah! bah!")

18. McCoy got in a light body blow, and dropped away from a wicked return.

19 Lilly improving—McCoy got in his usual body blow, which was returned by Lilly heavily in the old place on the mouth. Heavy counters—Lilly getting in a terrific lunge on McCoy's left eye; a close by McCoy followed, who, in trying to throw Lilly, was turned himself, and fell heavily, with his antagonist upon him. The fight had now lasted 20 minutes.

20. Cautious sparring. In getting away from threatened danger, Lilly slipped on his knee—rose, followed, and delivered a stinging hit on Mac's lip, cutting it badly, and starting the blood out in streams. McCoy returned with a heavy lunge full on Lilly's frontal bone. Lilly then attempted to rush in, but short, quick exchanges followed, ending in a clinch, and McCoy was heavily thrown, with his man on him again.

21. Even betting—Lilly freshning—both came up free. McCoy commenced by delivering a tremendous blow on Lilly's mouth, starting the blood as from his own in the round before; clinch, and in falling, McCoy turned under, and Lilly fell in his lap.

22. McCoy came up smiling, with the blood streaming over his breast and upper lip, his left cheek and eye showing the effects of their heavy visitations. He caught two sharp ones again on the old places, and in attempting to return, slipped and fell.

23 McCoy came up again; on approaching Lilly, he said in an under tone—"I've got you, sure enough!" which Lilly answered instanter, with a sharp cutting blow on the offending organ. McCoy rushed wildly in, when Lilly tapped him again, and in the clinch that followed, after some sharp in-fighting by both, Lilly was thrown.

24. Three or four sharp blows by Lilly in McCoy's dial;—all the round his, except the throw, which resulted in his going outside the ropes. Cheers for "Tom!"

25. Both cautious and self-possessed. Lilly stopped two mischievous looking offers, and in a clinch, threw his opponent heavily—falling on him.

26. McCoy, from the profuse manner in which he perspired—globules of sweat clustering all over the surface of his body—now plainly showed that his condition had been too fine; and to make the matter worse, his second (he could be said to have but one) after dragging him by the armpits to his corner, checked the glow by drenching with cold water. On coming up, he received a head hit which he countered in the breast heavily, then clinched his man, and threw him through the ropes.

27. Two sharp ones for Lilly in the old place—close, and both down. Even betting.

28. Lilly cool as a cucumber, and wary as an Indian—McCoy, on the contrary, too free, and too ready to fight. (Strange that his seconds could not tell him to restrain his ardor.) Lilly put in three successive terrific neck blows, which had a squelching sound that could be heard all over the crowd. McCoy, game as a pebble, and fearless as a lion, rushed wildly in, caught two or three more before he could clinch, and then was badly thrown.

29. McCoy's lip very much swollen, and the blood from his mouth streaming profusely over his breast. He appeared somewhat confused from the punishment of the former round, and received three successive hits in the face; the last carrying him down straight.

30. McCoy plainly showing his punishment, and his right eye also beginning to complain, while Lilly, save by a slight swelling of the upper lip, was scarcely marked. McCoy caught it again twice, and went down with the last blow clean.

31. McCoy evidently much fatigued and worried, caught it again severely in the old place—returned with a body blow, and dropped stupidly. Cries of "Go it, flower, you've got him licked *now!*"

32. Lilly had now proved himself by all odds the best hitter, and was also peculiarly adroit in saving himself from punishment and over-labor;—on the other hand, McCoy was free and unguarded, and continually wasted himself with ineffectual efforts, in his ambition to do too much. Lilly planted one on his nose, at which McCoy clinched, but was pressed to the ropes, and, after a short struggle, was badly thrown, Lilly falling on him bodily as before,—Mac complaining of "foul" as he went to his corner.

33. McCoy's lip dreadfully swollen, and the whole contour of his face altering its expression. He struck strongly out after stopping a blow, and fell down on his knee.

34. Lilly got in another of his cutting blows on the right cheek,—a close, and sharp in-fighting, and a bad fall for McCoy; Lilly on top as usual, and in obedience to Sullivan's cries of "Lie on him, Chris! lie on him!" remained on the breast of his gasping enemy until lifted off. The fight had now lasted forty minutes.

35. McCoy came up smiling through all his gore, and renewed the common trick which he had practised in the few first rounds, of pointing in a bantering manner to his own face, as if to say, "Why don't you hit me there?" Lilly obliged him at once by planting a wicked shot on his nose which McCoy answered by a sharp rally and a close, which resulted in Lilly's being thrown, and his head striking smartly against one of the posts.

36. Both cautious; heavy body blow for McCoy, and a tremendous counter for Lilly in his neck. McCoy returned, but not getting home, fell.

37. McCoy confused, and very much astray. Instead of looking at his man, I saw his eyes glance around the ring. However, he righted before his situation was discovered or taken advantage of, and stopped a dangerous approach; he then replied with a good effort, but not getting in, fell back from Lilly's threatened return.

38. Lilly got in another in the old place; McCoy slightly answered it in the body, and went down.

39. Lilly waited for the assault, and [illegible] severe blow on his chin, followed by another on the right cheek; McCoy then rallied, and rushed in, and they both dropped to the ground together;—McCoy's arms being around Lilly's neck.

40. McCoy right at it again—struck a round blow which found its home on Lilly's left shoulder-blade; endeavored to get in a repeater, but Lilly jumped quickly away, and he struck short, and fell—Lilly laughing.

41. McCoy stopped a mischievous offer from Lilly's left,—was not so fortunate in regard to his right, which caught him heavily in the breast,—McCoy rallied and was thrown hard—Lilly on top.

42. As McCoy came up, some one cried out "He's getting weak!" to which Tom replied, as he squared away, "I'm as strong as ever;" and striking out as he spoke. caught Lilly with his right upon the breast, who tried to counter on the head, but didn't get in. Lilly then rushed in, and threw him heavily on his face, the blood gushing profusely from his mouth as he got up.

43. McCoy, notwithstanding his dreadful punishment, came up laughing, and was the first to begin Both hit together, after which they clinched, and Lilly fibbed him severely. A wrestle followed and McCoy was again badly thrown, with Lilly on him.

44. McCoy too ready, and worrying himself with unnecessary effort. He made two or three lunges from which Lilly stepped lightly away. McCoy came up again, and while measuring for another blow, Lilly darted under his arm, rose behind, and let drive a tremendous shot on the left side of his head; McCoy clinched, but was again badly thrown, with Lilly on him, though he managed to roll him over.

45. McCoy still bleeding profusely. On going up to the scratch, Sandford said to him, "Go at him now, as I told you Randall did, and you'll have him licked in three rounds!" to which Lilly scornfully replied, "I can lick him, and you after him, on the same afternoon." McCoy tolled him on by pointing at his face, which invitation was accepted by Lilly with two dreadful blows, one on the chin, and another death stroke on the neck. McCoy rushed in, returned it wildly on Lilly's head, and went down.

46. Light countering—Lilly cautiously approached, preparing for a fly, when McCoy dropped, and Lilly walked to his corner, laughing carelessly.

47. Light countering; another sharp death blow in McCoy's neck; a struggle, and he was heavily thrown.

48. Lilly got in four sharp successive hits, which spread the blood all over McCoy's face—he spat part of it back at Lily, went in, and was again badly thrown. "$100 to 50 on Lilly"—taken by Sandford.

49. Heavy exchanges—rather in McCoy's favor, who drove Lilly to his own (Mac's) corner: where Lilly closed, and dropping his head, butted Mac in the stomach, throwing him back. Cries of "foul"—(long dispute, and "time" lost.)

50. On time being called the men came up readily again. Counter hitting—close, and McCoy heavily thrown, Lilly on top. (One hour.)

51. McCoy bleeding all the while and his face disgustingly swollen and disfigured. Lilly hit him again on the mouth—closed—fibbed him severely—threw him, and fell heavily upon him.

52. Two sharp hits on the head, and another death blow in the neck for Lilly, the last carrying McCoy down, clean.

53. Some cautious sparring—McCoy made a round hit in Lilly's back, and dropped away from the return.

54. In reply to some remark of Lilly's on their meeting at the scratch, McCoy replied—"Oh, there's no need of a hurry—we've got a week before us." Lilly waited for him, watched his chance, and dropped one on his old place on the mouth. McCoy quickly countered, and heavy lunges were exchanged, concluding with a splendid hit for McCoy on Lilly's chin; the latter then rushed in, and after a mutual effort to fib, McCoy broke away and gave him the upper cut. Lilly rushed in again, when McCoy, summoning all his energies, made a desperate exertion, cross-buttocked him in fine style, and tossed him fairly on his head. ("Beautiful!" Great cheering for McCoy. "$100 on McCoy!")

55. Beautiful fighting again. McCoy freshening, though his countenance was horribly disfigured, and the blood still flowing quite free. Splendid hits for both—clinch—fierce struggle—Lilly thrown.

56. Counter—close—McCoy thrown, but turned Lilly outside the ropes.

57. A head hit for Lilly—McCoy returned, fell short, and dropped.

58. Wary figuring at the scratch—as McCoy was measuring for a fly, Lilly dropped his head, dodged under his arm, and clasping him about the waist, chopped him severely in the loins. McCoy writhed, however, from his disadvantage, and threw Lilly, who turned him as usual on their way to the ground, and fell on him.

59. McCoy's eyes in funeral black, and his mouth and throat full of blood, part of which he spat on Lilly's breast. Three successive equal counter hits; McCoy hit out again, but falling short, dropped.

60. Lilly stopped a well meant head blow, and in answer chopped McCoy downwards on his left cheek. Counter hits—close, and McCoy thrown badly.

61. Good body hit for McCoy—Lilly closed, caught McCoy by the legs, and threw him badly.

62. McCoy too ready, and wasting his strength by ineffectual efforts, while Lilly cautiously saved himself, McCoy stopped two dangerous offers beautifully, and made another powerful lunge, but wide astray again. Lilly remained very cool, got in another stinging death blow on the neck, and followed it by three more in the face—a rush by McCoy, in which he was thrown.

63. McCoy's seconds *at last* directed him not to fight so much. While he was sparring *away*, Lilly chopped him on the head by a downright blow—McCoy countered well on Lilly's mouth, and after receiving two more of the fatal neck blows, rushed in, and was badly thrown, the blood streaming from his mouth.

64. McCoy came up saturated to his very shoes with the cold water with which he was deluged every round, while Lilly was kept nearly dry. Lilly chopped him on the eye again, nearly closing it up—a close, and McCoy badly thrown, the blood gushing from his mouth again.

65. Both reeking with sweat. McCoy working too free again, and wasting [illegible] useless lunges. Hit with interest by McCoy in a body blow, which carried Lilly down, clean.

66. After some figuring, Lilly got behind McCoy, clasped him round the waist, and letting him go, hit him as he fell. McCoy down.

67. Lilly caught him a dreadful blow on the cheek, which McCoy wildly returned, and was thrown, with Lilly on him.

68. Lilly scarcely hurt; McCoy failing fast. Counter hits, McCoy thrown as before.

69. Cries of "shutters up? There's a death in the family!" &c. Two or three ineffectual lunges were made by McCoy, which only served to strain and weaken him; rush by Lilly, close, and Lilly thrown head first.

70. McCoy was now indeed a most unseemly object; both his eyes were black, the left one nearly closed, and indeed that whole cheek presented a shocking appearance. His very forehead was black and blue; his lips were swollen to an incredible size, and the blood streamed profusely down his chest. My heart sickened at the sorry sight. When he came up he appeared very weak, and almost gasping for breath, and endeavored while squaring away, to eject the clotting fluid from his throat. Several, who, like myself, compassionated the poor fellow's condition, cried, "Oh, take him away! Take him away!" After getting a severe hit on the mouth, he rushed bravely in, closed, was thrown, but turned his opponent on the ground.

71. Rally, close; McCoy thrown, and Lilly down on him, heavy.

72. Heavy counter, three more sharp, deathly, neck blows for Lilly, a clinch, and McCoy thrown heavily, gasping under Lilly's weight.

73. McCoy's left daylight almost closed. Both cautious and fatigued. Hit and hit equal, clinch—McCoy caught Lilly's hair, and after working it backwards and forwards twice or thrice, bent him by main strength to the earth.

74. McCoy lunging in the air again—Lilly carefully saving himself—McCoy rushed in, their hands became locked, and both fell side by side, Lilly exclaiming, with a laugh, as he rose, "By —— he's as weak as a rat."

75. Counter, in favor of McCoy—close, fibbing by both, and McCoy badly thrown.

76. The sun appeared now to have a painful effect on McCoy's nearly closed optics. The eyelids were so swollen and stiff, with extravasated blood, that he was obliged to throw his head back, and expose his neck to his enemy, to enable him to look through the slight crevice left; and this too in the seventy-sixth round. It was now perfectly apparent to every one present that poor McCoy had not the slightest chance to worst his cunning and active adversary. Blow after blow came raining in upon him, drawing blood, or threatening death at every stroke, and when he would seek to return, his antagonist would step lightly away, and his blow, wasted upon the trenchant air, had no other effect but that of wasting his strength. McCoy commenced again striking at random, received two stinging blows on the lip as admonishers—a close and was heavily thrown, Lilly on him.

77. Tom freshening wonderfully, got in a good hit—counter—another good hit for Tom, and Lilly down on his knees.

78. Lilly showing great fatigue—McCoy went right to work, rallied, hit all over, clinched and threw Lilly heavily—cheers, "$100 even on McCoy."

79. McCoy acting well, got in a terrific body blow, and a blow on the cheek—a clinch and Lilly thrown.

80. Two heavy body hits for McCoy. rally by Lilly, counter, clinch at the ropes, and McCoy thrown heavily.

81. Lilly bettering, went right to work, put it into McCoy right and left, closed, and threw him heavily, falling on him.

82. McCoy came up unsteady, clinch, and McCoy thrown in the old way.

83. Counter, close, McCoy wooled Lilly, but was heavily thrown.

84. McCoy quite groggy, but still preserving the dignity of unflinching resolution in his gait. Lilly got in three severe hits, which McCoy returned open handed, a fatal sign—clinch, and McCoy again badly thrown, Lilly falling on him.

85. As McCoy came up and made a pass, Lilly threw it aside, exclaiming, "O la!" then after making two splendid hits, rushed in and threw him heavily. On Lilly going to his corner, Sullivan kissed him, in admiration of his prowess.

86. McCoy bleeding and sweating profusely. Clinch—McCoy while twisting him to the earth by main strength, got him locked, then suddenly let go, giving him the upper cut as he sank, and raising a "mouse" on his left cheek with the blow.

87. Trifling counters, McCoy then struck out, overreached and weakly fell.

88. Though McCoy was now well nigh blinded, he came up well, led off and got in a pretty good body hit. Lilly answered sharp, clinched and threw him heavily and fell upon him, the blood gushing from McCoy's mouth, as he lay. Loud cries of "Shame, shame! It's a shame to see such a game man beat to death!" The fight had now lasted two hours.

89. On bringing McCoy up, Ford and Sullivan cried out, "Oh take that man away. What's the use of beating him to death? He can't win." Don't fret yourselves," replied Shanfroid, "he's got three hours fight in him yet. He's only beginning to work." "Finish him, then, Cris," returned Sullivan. Lilly let fly at the word, catching McCoy on the mouth, sending the blood in a fine spray in the sun—a rush by McCoy and Lilly thrown.

90. Lilly made two severe hits, close, McCoy pressed to the ropes and severely chopped.

91. McCoy very groggy, rushed in wild, striking open handed—Lilly gave him two sharp cuts in the face, closed, and threw him dreadfully. Cries of "Take him away! Don't let him fight any more!"

92. Blood spouting from McCoy's nose; but he, still, nothing daunted—clinch and both down.

93. Rally, close—Lilly chopped him severely in the loins, then threw him heavily and fell on him. As he was lifted up, Lilly looked down at him and exclaimed, "Be —— he's game?" "2 to 1 on Lilly."

94. As McCoy made a pass, Lilly dodged under his arm, caught him round the waist and chopped him badly on the back. While at it, McCoy dropped hopelessly in his arms, Lilly shoving him down and walking away. Cries of [illegible] man used so!" "For God's sake take him away!"

95. McCoy came up unsteady, but stern and erect. Counter, close, both locked on the ropes—violent struggle, which ended in McCoy's receiving dreadful punishment, and a terrific fall with Lilly on him.

96. After a pass, Cris rushed in and threw McCoy in the old way.

97. McCoy staggering and gasping for breath; Lilly hit him full in the mouth, when he turned around crazily and fell.

98. Sharp hit for Lilly; McCoy dropped weakly from a repeater.

99. McCoy ready, though very weak—a clinch and Lilly thrown.

100. McCoy came up well, counter, clinch, and they caught each other's hands. While in this position they turned, looked at each other, and exchanged a word; then McCoy changed his hold, and threw him by main strength, nearly on his head. Two hours and 16 minutes.

101. Lilly caught McCoy's head under his arm, jobbed him severely, and fell heavily upon him.

102. Close, sharp fibbing by both, struggle and both down; Lilly spoke to McCoy in a low tone, as they lay on the ground together.

103. McCoy suffering very much, scarcely able to breathe, and spitting from his mouth solid clots and long strings of coagulated blood. He came up bravely (the noble boy!) without the slighest indication of a desire to shrink, got in a good body blow, but in the close was badly thrown.

104. McCoy got up himself at the cry of "time." astonishing every one by his wonderful endurance. Both his eyes were almost closed, and resembled purple cushions with a black cord drawn tightly through the middle, to represent the crevice through which he saw. He might be said to grope his way to the scratch. Lilly got in two light head blows, but in the clinch was thrown by a pure exertion of strength on the part of McCoy.

105. Smart counter—a close and both down, Lilly under—McCoy still strong.

106. McCoy rushed in as Lilly was preparing to strike and threw him.

107. McCoy came up slow, sticking his swollen tongue out and opening his mouth to get air, as if laboring under the sense of strangulation—

> "And though his manly heart around,
> No active currents warmly bound;
> Tho' swelled to bursting every vein,
> No token gave he yet of pain."

As he stepped slowly up, Lilly cried out to him to come over to his side, upon which, Ford seeing his condition, exclaimed "Cris, now you've got him, sure!" "Not so sure as you imagine," immediately said the noble fellow, but in a voice so changed, so husky from its passage through the red current that was hemming out his life, that our very flesh crept as we heard it. His enemy could do as he pleased; he hit him with impunity; then rushed in and fell heavily upon him. He was "valiant no longer." The "puniest whisper" might have "bearded" him without dread of harm.

108. The same—and McCoy thrown as before. Cries of "Take him out!"

109. Lilly put in three more short head blows, and threw him again with the same result. Time 2¼ hours.

110. Cris rushed in—McCoy caught him by the hair and endeavored to fib him—failed, and was thrown hard.

111. McCoy very groggy, but still striking out strong. At the mark, while squaring he exclaimed, "I feel like a book!" As if unconscious where he was, however, he suddenly dropped his arms, and on the instant received a planter on the mouth and was severely thrown.

112. McCoy staggering in, but erect and dignified in his manner. Lilly planted another in the old place, starting the blood afresh—close, and McCoy down again, bad as ever. Ford here demanded that the brave fellow should be taken out, amid numerous cries of "Shame," and remarked that "Their doctor would be hung if they didn't." The latter branch of this remark was applied to a wretch who, from the fact of representing himself as physician, had been employed by the seconds of McCoy, for the express purpose of watching over the man's life, and of saving him, when his powers had been stretched to their extent of endurance. To him I chiefly lay the blame of Thos. McCoy's death, and as I presume there is a very general desire to bring him to justice, I will describe him at length. He is a tall, meagre, rickety, slabsided personage, with a shock of stiff, dirty hair, of a dusting brush grey, and a head so laterally compressed, as to present but the edge of a shingle for a face. His nose takes a start from a pair of inexpressive milky eyes, that could no more enliven his countenance, than could two brass nails irradiate a sweep's and taking a bold curvilinear compass, juts out to an equal distance with a large knot or apple in his dirty scraggy neck. His shoulders are of an unequal height; the hollow which should adorn his back, is represented by a huge cavity in his belly, and he is altogether so pitiful a fellow, that I would blush at my awkwardness if unable to cut a better "from a cheese paring after dinner."

113. Sharp body blow for Lilly—he then rushed in and endeavored to throw his opponent, but fell with the effort.

114. McCoy attended by his second up to the scratch. On being left to himself, he received two bad ones in the old places, and both fell.

115. McCoy completely in the dark. He made three good attempts to get in, and in the last fell with the effort.

116. McCoy led up again—caught a severe blow in the mouth, rushed in and was very badly thrown, having pitched head foremost at the ground and scraped his face along it for twelve or eighteen inches, before the impetus of his motion stopped.

117. Poor Tom failing fast—Lilly hit him a severe blow in the old place. McCoy obeying his instinct, rushed in, and by an exertion of latent strength, that astonished all, threw Lilly and fell upon him. Good, for a dying man! As he lay there, he patted his antagonist on his head, and smiled over him, as if this trifling fortune were amends. On being carried to his corner, he said to his seconds, "Nurse me—nurse me and I'll whip him yet."

118. McCoy rushed wildly in, received a hit and a fall with Lilly on him that fairly shook the ground. Cries of "Shame! shame!" "For God's sake, save his life!" I did not hear that *the Doctor* interfered.

119. McCoy still indomitably game, came up perfectly blind, and took his position as erect as ever, and put out his arms mechanically. Shanfroid in reply to a rebuke for allowing such a man to fight longer, said "he ain't half licked yet!" Lilly rushed in and threw him, badly, falling on him as always before.

120. McCoy was lifted up heavily from his second's knee, and stood on his feet for the last time. He was led slowly to the mark, and took his position—a dying man—but as erect, as dignified, as game as ever. Lilly was also much fatigued, and enduring considerable suffering from the heavy body blows he had received. They both sparred cautiously; McCoy leading off, as ever, and making two or three good efforts to get in without success. Lilly then rushed in, closed and threw him very hard, fell with his whole weight upon him, and remained upon the dying man until lifted off. On approaching him (McCoy) he was found to be perfectly inanimate, and sank lifeless in his second's arms. Time was called, but not, alas! for him. Poor fellow! he was doomed never to hear sound again, till the challenge of the last trumpet shall pierce the portals of his ears, and summon him, with those who did foul murder on him, to a *mark* from which there can be no dodging—no escape.

He had fought for *two hours and forty three minutes*, receiving eighty-one heavy falls, with his antagonist on him, and bleeding, certainly, for two and a half hours. He fought with good heart, but not well; showing by his open motions everything that he was about to do, and fighting too much. He had also suffered, no doubt, from over training, having previous to the match been in very ill health.

As soon as he had been declared the victor, Lilly jumped up, slapped his hands with an exclamation of joy, and then amid the cheers of his circle, sprang over the ropes of the ring. He was but little marked, and not severely hurt. Poor McCoy, on being lifted from the ground, sank as limp as a rag in his second's arms. A cry was made for the Doctor, and a movement in the mass took place to give him air. I forced my way in the crowd and took a look at the dying man. God grant that I may never see such another sight! He lay upon his back, his face and neck one bruised, unseemly, bloated mass of incipient corruption; gasping for breath, and sucking by the violence of his raspiration, his bloated lips far back in his mouth. In the next moment he ceased to breathe, and word went in a hoarse whisper that *he was dead!* Never shall I forget the talismanic horror of that expression. The cheeks of old and young, the fledging villian, and the ruffin stepped in crime, all blanched to ashes, and exchanging a look of vague and undefined fear, separated silently, and sought their respective boats. Not a loud sound or rough expression was heard by the vast assemblage that collected at the landing. Solemnly each man embarded, and silently cast off and bore away. I went in the dead man's boat, and sailed back with him, lying stark, currupt, and dead, in the same cabin, where he in the morning lay fall of life, health, hope, strength, and manhood. I leave the moral with the reader.

Fox Chase in Pennsylvania.

York, Feb. 15, 1854.

Dear Clipper: Thinking that it would, perhaps, be as agreeable to some of the many subscribers to your valuable paper in other parts of the Union, as it will be to those who reside in, around and about this section of Uncle Sam's domain, I send you a description of a fox chase that came off yesterday near here.

The weather was very unfavorable and the ground heavy, but as "Old Sol" condescended to peep out about 10 o'clock, we concluded to start, and after a short ride of about a mile, pulled up at the sign of the "Fox," kept by Mr. Tyson, where we found quite a goodly number assembled to witness the sport, though the unfavorable state of the weather prevented many riders from being present who otherwise would have been on hand.

At precisely twelve minutes past 11 o'clock, the fox, (a fine young she one.) was shook out, and after giving the *madame* three minutes leave, the dogs were thrown off and away we went. Quinn, as wild an Irishman as ever strode a piece of horse-flesh, taking the lead and doing some splendid riding in the way of topping every fence that came in his way. Your humble correspondent tried to follow suit, but soon came to the conclusion that he was not at home, and finding a five rail fence in the way, and Koontz coming up at the time and reminding me that there was quite a reasonable probability that if I attempted to jump it, I would break my neck, I concluded to take his advice and put down a rail. By this time Quinn was out of sight, and although the old fox-hunter [Koontz] advised me to stay with him and keep to the left of the dogs, I took my own advice and following in the wake of the *music*, as I thought, soon had the satisfaction of knowing that I was thrown out. Being shortly afterwards joined by Koontz, Jr., Cupit and Grey, we rode in company and ere long came up with some of the slow dogs, who took us to a small stream where we found our impetuous leader nursing his pet dog, which had been attacked with a fit whilst leading the pack, and while he stopped to see what was the matter with the dog, had been thrown out.

After following the trail for some time, we heard of where the fox had crossed the turnpike, nearly fagged out, and with the dogs close to his brush; so we concluded to return and strike the "wooden fox;" and having somewhat of a round-about way to return by, and stopping occasionally to *smile* with our country friends on the road, found, on arriving at Mr. Tyson's, that Welsh and Koons had got in before us with the remains of Reynard in their possession. It appeared that they had followed the dogs after Quinn was thrown out, and soon ran into their quarry in the open, and killed, after a short struggle with the dogs, having gone a distance of about twenty miles in three hours, and with but one check. Welsh and Koontz being the only ones of the party in at the death—Welsh being entitled to the honors and *the cake*, which was a splendid affair, gotten up expressly by our good-natured landlady for the winner of the brush.

At 3 o'clock we sat down to a sumptuous dinner, prepared by "mine hostess" and her fair daughter, and after enjoying ourselves to the extent of our *corporations*, we wound up the day with a good old-fashioned country dance, and then returned home, all apparently delighted with the pleasant day we had spent; and praying I may live to see many another just like it, I remain,

Yours, Truly, [illegible]

Pigeon Shooting.

Toms River, Feb. 17th, 185[illegible]

Mr. Editor: Dear Sir—Thinking the result of a shooting match which came off yesterday and to-day, at this place, might interest some of your readers, I send you an account. The purse was $50, at Pigeons thrown from a trap, 21 yards rise, and 1¼ oz. shot. It stormed incessantly from early in the morning until after 2 P. M., so that sportsmen from a distance were unable to attend and consequently the purse was contended for solely by denizens of this village and considering that most of those who shot were complete Tyros in Pigeon Shooting, I think it a creditable specimen of marksmanship.

Albert Eastman 1 1 1 1 1 on tie 1 1[illegible]
A. Irons 1 1 1 1 1 on tie 1 1 0.
J. H. Irons 1 1 1 0.
James Irons 1 1 1 1 0.
James Bunnel 1 1 1 1 0
J. V. Hyers 1 1 1 0.
J. D. Cornelius 1 1 0.
Edward Irons 1 1 0.
H. Homer 0.

After which we adjourned to the house of D. H. Stillwaggon, where was provided a most sumptuous supper, of which the guests, to the number of 40 partook. The table groaned under the delicacies with which it was laden Oysters, Game, Terrapin, and wild fowl &c., in abundance, whilst Heidseick Ruinart, and Flagg Brands of sparkling Champagne, circulated freely, and you may be assured that whilst imbibing the latter, the health of our worthy Editor of the Clipper was not forgotten. Next morning a match for $25 was contended for, which resulted as follows:

H. Homer 1 1 1 1 1 1 1.
T. Singleton 1 1 1 1 1 1 0.

Immediately after, Mr. E. W. Ivins for a small wager, shot at 4 pairs of Birds, double shots, killing all in most masterly style. He then offered to shoot at 6 pair, double shots, i. e., to kill one with each barrel, for a wager of $50 but found no takers. Thus ended the shooting.

A Shoreman.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

FEBRUARY 25, 1854.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

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Mike Madden, 47 Ann Street.
Abbe & Yates, 20 Ann Street,

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Answers to Correspondents.

A Constant Reader. Philada.—We do not know the precise time the battle took place between Mat Rusk and Freeland, or the particulars of the affair. Perhaps some of our Philadelphia friends can give us the information.

J. B.—"Inform me who is the best pugilist Ireland, England and Scotland ever produced." This is rather an awkward question. There never was a man but what his match could be found, sooner or later. Tom Cribb and Tom Spring, Randall and Donnelly, and many others were favorites during their day, but to whom belongs the credit of superiority we cannot undertake to determine.

One of the Troop.—The name of the gentleman you allude to, we do not care to give at present, inasmuch as if it was not mentioned at the ball, perhaps it would not meet his wishes that it should appear.

Joseph R. Arnold, Fall River.—We do not know the author of the Sociable Snake. We believe it is the Boa Constrictor game that you allude to.

S. T. Cory, Providence.—"I have made a match to trot my mare against time, over the Washington Course, by the first of March. Owing to heavy rains within a few days a great part of the track has been washed away, so that it is impossible to trot on it, and it would take from five to six hundred cart loads of dirt to fill up the breach. Am I obliged to go my race? The match, you will understand, was made when the track was in good order." If you made your match without stipulating "if the track was in order," we fear you are at the mercy of the backer of time, and if he desires it, *you must go your race.* We are sorry for you, but at this season of the year it should have entered your mind that race courses are very *uncertain*.

Garre, York, Pa.—The Fox Chase is in. Would like to have been with you. *Anything in the sporting line will be acceptable.*

A Jackson Doreland.—"What is the price usually paid by publishers for common class novels of 100 pages, sold at wholesale for 12½ cents, and at retail for 25 cents: what is the price paid for the MSS. A friend said $100: *I bet him it was but $50. A bet of $30 depends upon your decision.*" You both are right, and both are wrong. There is no fixed price—the price is always regulated by the value of the MSS. Some 100 pages novels would not bring 50 cents—others again would bring $200. *It is a draw bet.*

Young Richmond.—Your suggestions have been noticed in an article on sparring in this week's Clipper. Will be pleased to have any sporting items you think proper to send us.

Jonnie Raw, Pittsburgh.—The dimes received—entitle you to 16 months subscription. Anything in reference to "doings" in the "Smoky City," will find a resting place in the Clipper. Will be pleased to hear from you.

Flints, Philada.—Correction made.

Tom B.—Harry Gribbin has fought five battles in all.

A Friend to the Clipper.—1. Ben Caunt fought eight battles. 2. He was defeated twice by Bendigo, and once by Nick Ward. The others you speak of were engaged in three or four battles only.

Amateur.—1. Hiram Horton, the gentleman matched to run a mile race with Barlow, is considered the best 100 yards runner we have in this country. 2. We believe each man will endeavor to win.

E. T. F.—All yours.—You have, as Jack counts before [illegible]

Bixby.—It is not definitely settled as yet, but we suppose Jem Trainer, recently arrived from Liverpool, will train him.

W.—Jackson, the American Deer, has run more than eleven miles, in one hour.

G. X.—Hayes is Champion of Light Weights.

Tom Jones.—Bendigo was twice Champion of England—in 1839, when he beat Deaf Burke; and in 1846, when he defeated Caunt.

Thomas Johnson.—Your landlord can compel you to continue your monthly payments in advance, or he can remove you, inasmuch as you paid your first month in advance, without any objections on your part.

Tom and Jerry.—We believe no man ever run twelve miles within an hour.

J. A.—Not according to the rules of the Prize Ring.

A Subscriber, Brooklyn.—"1. Is there a Cunard steamer Persia coming out here, and when is she to sail from England? 2. How many rounds did Hayes and Madden fight on the 17th of July, 1849? 3. Which made the shortest passage between Liverpool and Australia, the Great Britain or the Sovereign of the Seas?" 1. We believe the steamer Persia is not yet built. 2. 185 rounds. 3. The Great Britain.

A Shoreman, Toms River.—Sporting items always welcome.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Matches to Come.

March 13—Barlow and Horton, one mile, on the Union Course, L. I., for $500 aside.

March 13—Williams and Dorcy, quarter of a mile, Dorcy to have six yards start, Union Course, L. I., $100 aside.

March 20—Mickey Free, Barlow, Williams and Dorcy—Sweepstakes—One Mile Race leaping over twenty-six hurdles.—McCombs Dam, $100 entrance.

Barlow and Horton.

THE $1000 MATCH

In our last we stated that a match had been made between the above men to run a mile on the Union Course, for $500 aside, and that the race would come off on the 11th of March. We were misinformed in regard to the day, the match will be run on Monday, the 13th of March. Both men are swift runners, and the race will be deeply exciting. Freestone [Barlow] resides at Williamsburgh, and Horton resides in this city. The friends of both men appear confident as to the result, and some heavy outside bets have been made on the match.

The Sweepstakes Hurdle Leaping.

PROGRESS OF THE MATCH.

All the arrangements for this affair are completed, and the race is to come off on Monday, the 20th of March, near McCombs Dam. This is to be a mile race, each man to leap over twenty-six hurdles, placed at equal distances apart. The entrance money is $100 each man, the winner of the race to take the purse. This will be quite a novelty in this part of the world, and will doubtless draw together immense numbers of spectators from all sections of the city, and the surrounding country. The competitors are Barlow, Williams, Mickey Free and Dorcy.

Quarter of a Mile Race.

DORCY AND WILLIAMS.

A match between the above-named gentlemen was made at the Second Ward Hotel, Brooklyn, on Saturday last, according to the following conditions:—The race to be a quarter of a mile, Williams giving Dorcy six yards start, for a purse of $100 aside. The race is to take place on the same day as the mile race between Barlow and Horton, and on the same Course. This will be a very interesting race, both men being good sprint runners.

Novel Match in England.

MAN VERSUS HORSE.

We learn from Bell's Life in London, that George Seward, the American, has been matched by some of his Birmingham friends to run with one of Eaton Stone's celebrated Circus horses, 160 yards and jump over eight hurdles, the best of three heats, £20 aside. The race was to have taken place on the 6th inst.

English Pedestrains Coming Out.

We are in a fair way of having a glorious time during the coming season. In addition to a large number of tip-top pedestrians already in this country, we understand that several of the principal celebrities of Pedestrainism in England are about to visit this country, among them may be mentioned James Searles, of Liverpool; John Thomas, the Salopian; and John Howard. Jolly times ahead. Keep the sport going, boys!

The Flying Taylor.

Harry Reed, Champion Sprint Runner, and James Patterson, the Flying Taylor, until now supposed to be without an equal in a hurdle race, run a match on the 24th of January, near Windsor, for £25 aside. The distance run was 200 yards, and each man to jump 10 hurdles, 3ft. 6in. high. After a gallant contest Reed went in, a winner by six or seven yards.

WRESTLING.

A MATCH FOR $500 ASIDE.

A match was made on Monday evening between Coit, the Indian, of Brooklyn, and John Nelson, also of Brooklyn, for $500 aside. The conditions of the match are side holds, best two out of three falls. The money is all up, and the match is to come off at George Over's Half Way House, East Brooklyn, on Monday afternoon next, Feb. 27, at 2 o'clock. There will undoubtedly be a large attendance of sporting gentlemen to witness this wrestling match. Lots of sport.

SPARRING.

New York, Feb. 17, 1854.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER: SIR—I was pleased to read in your paper of this week an article in relation to the conduct of men refusing to lend their assistance to those taking benefits by giving Sparring Exhibitions. Your remarks were very correct, as I have myself often heard men refuse to set-to, merely because they were jealous of the success of the person giving the benefit. I hope you will follow up this subject, and endeavour to create a more friendly feeling among the brotherhood of the "Mystic Circle."

AN OLD PUGILIST.

Our correspondent, "an old Pugilist," will no doubt be delighted to hear that the article he refers to has already created a better feeling among the pugilistic fraternity, and that at the benefit given by Jemmy Boyle, on Thursday evening last, there was no lack of sparrers, for every gentleman who was requested to set-to cheerfully lent his aid, and greatly contributed to the enjoyment of a large audience. Even some of the old standards, from whom we have no right to expect favors, set a bright example to the new aspirants for fame by the alacrity with which they "put on the gloves" to aid a friend. How much better for the entire fraternity is this course of conduct than that previously indulged in, when each individual seemed to stand upon his dignity, and required to be coaxed and cajoled by promises, before he would accede to the wishes of the audience to set-to. Things will go on more smoothly hereafter, and those taking benefits will be well and liberally patronised; the audiences will not be disappointed, and one and all will be better satisfied than on former occasions.

There are many individuals in this city who admire a good sparring match, but who are deterred from attending these exhibitions from fear of a disturbance taking place where there are so many "shoulder hitters" congregated together. We know this is the feeling "outside of the circle," but we also know that the impression is an erroneous one. We have attended many exhibitions of late, and in each instance has the saloon been filled to repletion, but notwithstanding this, and in the very face of the fact that a large proportion of the audience was composed of those who "do a little with the fists" now and then for the sake of exercise, or when necessity compels them, yet we have not witnessed a single disturbance; neither have we seen a single individual receive the slightest maltreatment. Men do not go to sparring exhibitions to riot or quarrel—they go to witness a manly set-to—an innocent and healthy amusement, where the strength of man is brought into play, and the workings of the muscles of the human frame are seen in their natural beauty.

How much better is it for men to settle with their fists whatever differences may exist between them, rather than to resort to those murderous weapons, the pistol or the knife! Which is the most manly? We do not look upon the use of deadly weapons to adjust a personal quarrel as honorable. It is rather a mark of cowardiee, and those who thus go forth to kill, aye, to murder each other, is the proper word, are almost dead with fright before they have had an opportunity to glance at their opponents; yet this is the honorable mode of avenging an insult! How different the case with pugilists! They go forth to test their strength of muscle, and try their skill in the use of their naked arms and hands. Is there the least fear exhibited in either man on confronting each other? Do their frames quiver, their legs tremble, or their arms shake with fear, as is almost universally the case with the duelist, on facing an antagonist? We have yet to learn of such an instance, though we candidly admit there are men in the pugilistic ranks who, though loud in words, are deficient in courage, but such men seldom enter the prize ring No---fear is unknown to a brave pugilist. He is willing to stand the shock of the battle as long as his system will aid him in reaching the scratch. He fears not punishment---his only anxiety is for the result of the battle, and while he hopes for success, he is not insensible to the fact that his strength may desert him, and thus lose him the battle. And when two men thus, according to the law of nature, decide a combat, it is a rare case that animosity afterwards exists in the bosom of either---they oftentimes become firm and steadfast friends, and would go to almost any length to assist each other. This is a manly, a noble, and a praiseworthy method of settling a quarrel, and those who frown upon it, and call it brutal, would be the very first, perhaps, to use their fists on the impulse of the moment, should an insult be offered them, always, supposing, however, such men are not curs or wooden men.

Let our pugilistic friends continue to conduct their exhibitions in the same quiet and orderly manner which has characterised them the present winter, and they will have no cause to complain. Avoid all quarrelling---treat strangers as well as acquaintances, with respect; perform what has been promised on the bills, and the "manly art of Self Defence" will not lack for supporters, Old Morality, of the Tribune, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Jemmy Boyle's Sparring Exhibition.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 16.

Mr. Boyle has much reason to be proud of the very large attendance at his benefit at Grand street Hall on the above mentioned evening. Although the weather during the day had been stormy and disagreeable, yet by 8 o'clock the Hall was well filled by spectators, anxious to see the sights.

The exhibition was opened by a couple of novices from Brooklyn, and though not wishing to discourage them, we think they are not yet sufficiently versed in the "tactics" to appear before an audience.

THE RATTLER AND YOUND RICHMOND, the latter a young man of color, next appeared, and made a very good display. Young Richmond seemed to be well "posted up" in the art, and will, with more practice before an audience, turn out to be "another Richmond in the field."

YOUNG HOGAN, OF NEW YORK, AND JOHN FARREN, OF LIVERPOOL. This set-to deserves more than a passing notice, not from any merit due to either man, but from a desire to remedy an evil that should be at once frowned down by all lovers of true manly sport. Mr. Hogan, in coming before the audience mistook the character of the exhibition, for he displayed not the least knowledge of boxing, but seemed intent on showing the audience that he could "knock spots out of his opponent," by striking at him with all his strength, and endeavoring to throw him, with the intent as it appeared to us, of doing him a bodily injury. Mr. Farran is a smaller man than Hogan, and this fact alone should have deterred Hogan from acting harshly—he is also a stranger in this country, having arrived here from Liverpool about two weeks since, and having kindly lent his aid for the amusement of an audience totally strange to him, we think Mr. Hogan owed it to that audience and his opponent to treat with respect and courtesy a stranger. We are pleased to notice the fact that the spectators evinced their disapprobation of Hogan's course by the applause with which they greeted the efforts of his opponent. We hope we shall not have to record another instance of the kind, and we hope Mr. Hogan will receive this notice kindly, as it is for his own benefit.

FLOOD AND SWEETEN pleased the audience by their free and easy style.

TWO FRIENDS next set-to and displayed a good share of the fistic art.

One of the old stock next appeared; this was Old Bill Tovee. He appeared in conjunction with Barney Lunney, who is ever ready to take a hand for the assistance of his friends. Old Tovee has not forgotton all his youthful sports as could be seen by the manner in which he sent in *one* occasionally, but his youthful opponent was too active for him.

JOHN MCMAHON AND SULLIVAN'S NOVICE had a great time of it, for they both proved themselves to be acquainted with the art of getting in, stopping and all the various movements necessary in a good pugilist.

JIM MCINTIRE AND CURLY CANNON, two more of the old stock, greatly delighted the spectators. Though they have done nothing at this kind of business for a long time, yet it could be plainly perceived that in *their* day they must have been in the front rank.

Young Trainer (brother to Jem Trainer) and the Derry Youth made a most beautiful exhibition of their knowledge of the art, and were loudly cheered by the spectators. Young Trainer has a very happy way of getting out of trouble; in doing this he manages to heap the trouble on the shoulders of his opponent. The Derry Youth is also a smart lad. This match was one of the best of the evening.

By far the most *interesting* and *amusing* set-to of this exhibition was that between two friends. Whether it was the *peculiar science* these two friends seemed to possess, or the tremendous force with which one of them dashed in at his opponent, we cannot say, but there was one prolonged shout of laughter the whole time these men were on the floor. One of them depended altogether *not* on the upper cut, but upon the *downward* cut, for he appeared at one moment to hold his left hand up in the air and in the next it could be seen coming down again, evidently with the intention of "driving his opponent's head in!" His opponent in the meantime, was shooting away at the other's bread basket, trying to "make a hole in it!" This set-to was as unexpected as it was rich, and goes to show that Jemmy Boyle knows how to please his friends.

THE WIND-UP was between Jemmy Boyle and Jem Trainer, of Liverpool, Each man made some very good hits, and also some beautiful stops. Mr. Boyle proved himself to be a pugilist of no ordinary abilities, and in his set-to with Mr. Trainer, who is acknowledged to be second on the list of feather weights in England, was perfectly at home.

Thus ended the sports of the evening.

Exhibition Extraordinary!

We understand that arrangements are being made for a Sparring Exhibition on a magnificent scale. It will take place at one of our theatres, and will be participated in by some of the best pugilists of the day, as well as by several of the "old standards." We will announce the time in next week's Clipper.

Harry Gribben's Benefit.

Harry Gribben, who has been matched for a friendly bout with Jim Parker, for the sum of $1,000, will give an exhibition of the manly art of Self Defence, on Monday evening next, Feb. 27th, at Batterman's Hall, corner of North Fourth and Sixth streets, Williamsburgh. Among those who will appear and set-to on the occasion are Jim Parker, Phil Clare, Jemmy Trainor, Joe Banks, Mike Murphy, John McMahon, Young Molineaux and others. The entertainments of the evening will conclude with a set-to between William Hastings [Dublin Tricks,] and Harry Gribben. This will undoubtedly be an interesting exhibition, and will be patronised by the sporting circles of New York, Brooklyn and Williamsburgh. The price of admission is 25 cents, and 50 cents for reserved seats. Turn out! boys, and make the benefit a substantial one for a good pugilist, and a perfect gentleman.

Trainer and Murphy's Exhibition.

These gentlemen had a fine exhibition on Tuesday evening last, in Brooklyn. The saloon was well filled and everything passed off in good order. Mike Murphy and Jem Trainer concluded the sports of the evening by a beautiful set-to, the latter appeared in his fighting costume.

The Rifle Test and Challenge.

Morgan James, Esq.—Sir, I notice in the New York Clipper, (newspaper) of Feb. 18th inst., your acceptance of my challenge to match five rifles &c., as published by me in the same paper of January 28th.

The modifications of the challenge which you solicit, I cheerfully accede to except the fourth; which as you say you make *solely* for *my benefit* you must allow me as *a man of honor* peremptorily to decline.

My partner, Mr. Ferriss, and myself will shoot five of our Rifles, against five of your manufacture, used either by yourself or by anyperson or persons you may choose to select, for the sums you proposed in your challenge, and we have no objections "to make it a little more interesting" still.

Yours respectfully,
MORGAN JAMES.

Utica, Feb. 11th 1854.

The above modified challenge, which you make in the closing paragraph of your *inimitable* and *very modest* communication is *truly characteristic*, and as it releases me from the generous obligations you are so *anxious* to impose upon me I hereby accept it. And as you *say* you have no objections "*to make it a little more interesting still,*" I will raise the sums respectively to $200 each gun, and the forfeit to $500 instead of $250 as you propose.

Agreeably then to your first three modifications the shooting shall be done midway between Troy and Utica; The forfeit shall be placed in the hands of Gen. Dunham of Troy and the shooting shall take place within three days from the time appointed to meet. And as I am *indebted solely* to *your sympathy* for your fourth modification allow me to make *your assurance doubly sure* by saying that my rifles shall *be used by* MYSELF AND SUCH FRIENDS, and NOT, as you say, by yourself, (myself) OR any other person or persons, as I may select in *Troy only.*

If upon profound reflection you discover that you *have* objections "*to make it a little more interesting*" and demur to my raising the sums on each gun, and the forfeit, as given above, then I shall hold you on the original sums proposed by me, viz. $100 each gun, and the forfeit at $250, as you propose.

I hereby appoint Fort Plain, N.Y. as the place of meeting and the shooting to take place on Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday of the second week in June next, The five strings to be shot during the three days named.

The forfeit must be placed in the hands of Gen. Dunham of Troy on or by the first day of April next, or in case he declines holding such other responsible person as you may immediately appoint in this city. And the party that fails in so depositing their forfeit, *shall* be publicly posted as a *coward* and *flunkey.*

If Gen. Dunham declines holding the forfeit, you must notify me of the fact, and what other gentleman you shall appoint in his place, on or by the 15th of March next, through the medium of this paper.

Yours, respectfully,
NELSON LEWIS.

Troy, Feb. 20, 1854

Yankee Versus English Yacht Builders.

The following communication in reference to an article in last week's Clipper is from a Philadelphia correspondent:—

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 18, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me to make a few explanatory remarks relative to an article headed "Yankee versus English Yacht Building," published in the Clipper of 18th inst. Mr. R. G. W., of this city, *draughted* but did not *build* the Flirt! She is but 20 feet long—skiff fashion, and was only put up as an experiment test to the practicability of Mr. W's model. It succeeded beyond his nicest calculations,—and his petite craft was exhibited at the Franklin Institute, and received a *first premium.* The boat designed to beat the Bianca, will be of her length [44 feet] and will be built on the Flirt's *model,* [with slight alterations,] and is not the Flirt herself, as stated. A draught of *the boat* was exhibited at the annual fair, with all the improvements &c.

Yours truly, FLINTS.

Boxiana for Sale.

A gentleman informs us that he has a complete set of Boxiana, bound in first rate style and in good order, which he offers for sale. It is almost a matter of impossibility to procure a copy of this work, and those in want had better apply at once, as an opportunity to purchase a sett may may not offer soon again. Apply at this office.

A Patriotic Reformer.

Mr. Alderman Blunt, in the Board of Alderman, on Monday evening last, objected to the appropriation of $2,500, for the celebration of Washington's birthday, but was willing to go *five hundred dollars.* This person, we suppose, would appropriate *five thousand dollars* to receive some distinguished or *ex*-tinguished foreigner. Mark this Reformer!

Our Visiting Firemen.

The Baltimore firemen had a very cool reception on Monday evening last.

An American Clipper.

FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN MILES IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

The new clipper Red Jacket, Captain Elridge, (late Captain of the steam yacht North Star, and of the packet ship Roscius,) arrived in the Mersey on Tuesday afternoon, 24th Jan., after a run of thirteen days, one hour and twenty-five minutes, having left this port on the 11th January. She is one of the handsomest vessels ever built, possessing, with the greatest symmetry of model, immense strength and carrying capacity. Her dimensions are as follows: Registered length, 250 feet, (extreme, 260;) beam, 45 feet; depth of hold amidships, 24 feet; rise forward, 3 feet; registered measurement, 2,340 tons; burden, 3,500 tons. From her log we learn that she made the following daily runs: Wednesday, 11th, 103 miles; 12th, 150; 13th, 265; 14th, 311; 15th, 217; 16th, 106; 17th, 121; 18th, 319; 19th, 413 [!]; 20th, 374; 21st, 342; 22d, 300; and 23d, 371 miles.

Eating Match.

A match was made at our young friend Dick's Coffee and Cake Saloon, in the Bowery a few evenings since, between two young men named Sam Parnell and John Tully, to ascertain which of the two could devour the most provender, the man losing to pay all expenses. Dick and his assistants stood by to "hurry up the cakes," whilst our hungry friends, who had not had anything to eat since the previous Monday, prepared for the emergency, and at a given signal the "victuals" began to disappear. Dick who was a deeply interested spectator of the affair, began to have some misgivings as to either one of the competitors being able to pay "the score," and was on the eve of bringing the edifying performance to a hasty conclusion, but at the request of the bystanders, who promised to see the bill paid, the men were suffered to proceed, much to their own delight, as well as to the delight of the crowd. Dick being ensured his pay did'nt step to cook the cakes too much, customers who "pitched into them like a but placed them before his ravenous thousand of brick." One of the competitors, Tully, in his eagerness to put away a whole cake at one swallow, had the misfortune to get the cake stuck in his throat cross-ways, and supposing that he was full up to the top, inasmuch as the last cake would'nt go down he was compelled to draw it up again, and gave in "dead beat." His opponent, *Mr. Parnell,* was sorry for this, as he had hardly commenced eating yet, and was thus unceremoniously obliged to leave off, after only eating *thirty-nine butter cakes and four pieces of pie, and drinking four cups of coffee and a bowl of milk!*

P.S.—Dick was paid by the losing man, honorably and "on the square."

P.P.S.—The winner of the above match says he is *ready to eat any man at a week's notice!*

THE RING.

The Prize Fight.

ANOTHER DEPOSIT.

The second deposit of $100 aside for the prize fight to take place on the 26th April, will be made good on Wednesday evening, 29th inst. The principals in the affair have made all the necessary arrangements for training, and will probably leave the city this week or the week following.

The job of setting the ring has been given to Messrs. Boyle and McMahon, who will no doubt erect such a ring as will be able to stand a heavy pressure without "coming to the ground."

Already a considerable degree of excitement is beginning to be manifested among "the boys," and a few "friendly X's" have been "put up" on the result.

Old Morality of the Tribune, is very anxious to be admitted once more into confidence with the "boys," but as he acted so shabby in regard to the last affair, we are afraid he "can't come in." Let his sad fate be a warning to all others who seek to destroy the amicable relations existing between Uncle Sam and Young America. Boys! Beware of old Morality! If you see an old white coat, and a pair of rusty boots, with the legs of a pair of pants stuck into them, don't trust them until you see who's in them. There's no trusting white coats!

Johnny Walker and Bill Hayes.

This exciting match for the Championship is going ahead, a further deposit of £10 aside having been made at the last accounts.

Alf. Walker and the Spider.

Alf Walker took a benefit on the 6th of the present month, previous to his going into training for his fight with the Spider for £200. Johnny Walker set-to on the occasion.

Jack Jones and Ned Donnelly.

By the last arrival we learn that a fresh match has been made by these men, and they are to fight for £100 aside.

Complimentary Ball.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that a grand Military and Civic Ball is to be given to Capt. JOHN WILDEY on the evening of March 6th, at the Chinese Assembly Rooms, No. 539 Broadway. Captain Wildey was commander of the Carlisle Light Guard for eight years. This fact speaks volumes in his favor. The ball will no doubt be a grand affair.

THE BALL SEASON.

Grand Soiree

OF THE MONTGOMERY TROOP, 1ST DIVISION N. Y. STATE MILITIA.—The fourth annual military and civic festival of the above celebrated corps came off on Wednesday evening, the 15th instant, at the City Assembly Rooms, Broadway. Never have we seen a ball room so densly crowded with the fairer portion of humanity. The general attendance was uncomfortably large and yet all seemed to enjoy themselves. Manahans Regimental Band did ample justice both to themselves and the troop. The ladies were all handsome, but to single out one we are inclined to give the preference to the beautiful Miss J——n, of West street, who was not only beautiful but also the best waltzer we ever saw. Her sister commanded universal attention. These young ladies were attired very gaily in plaid silk. Mr. John McAnally and lady were present and both seemed to enjoy the hop. The Highland Fling was most artistically executed by the pert little Miss M———, of Reade street. Her sister, a very facinating young lady by the way, was nothing behind as regards the dancing qualifications. Mr. Killfoil deserves the highest praise for the able manner in which he discharged his important duties as floor director. We noticed among the spectators the Hon. Chas. R Parker, also many distinguished military officers. At the conclusion of the first part of the order of dancing, supper was announced and the vast company sat down to a table which was well calculated to satisfy the most violent cravings of the inner man. The eating part of the ceremonies being over, the cloth was removed and then came a *feast of reason and a flow of soul.* The worthy and very gallant commandant of the troop, D. Kennedy, Esq., arose and in a very neat and handsome manner addressed the company at considerable length, and in conclusion he announced the following regular toasts, first reading a very complimentary letter from Major Foy, expressing his sincere regret at not being able to be present.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1st. *The President of the United States.*—The Chief Magistrate of a free and prosperous people. Music: "Hail Columbia."

2nd. *The Governor of the State of New York.*—The Commander in Chief of the Militia, which according to the late report of the Adjutant General, amounts to about 20,000 uniformed, and over 293,000 un-uniformed! Music: "Star Spangled Banner."

3rd. *The Militia of the State of New York.*—In numerical strength and discipline, are worthy of emulation by sister States. Music: Favorite airs.

4th. *The Uniformed Militia of the First Division*—Ever ready and willing to perform their duty, whether in martial exercise, or in preserving the peace of the city. Music: Martial airs.

5th. *The Maine Liquor Law Members of the Legislature*—who undertake to prescribe "what we shall eat and drink."—If they expect the Military of New York to do the dirty work of enforcing it, they will calculate without their host. Music: Popular airs.

6th. *The Officers of the First Brigade and First Regiment*—Also, the Officers and Members of other uniformed Corps who have honored us by their presence. Music: Military Overture.

7th. *The Officers and Members of the "Jackson Horse Guard."*—Brothers in military, and friends in the social circle. Music: Popular airs.

8th. *Our Guests.*—May they enjoy good health and happiness to attend many festivals of the Montgomery Troop. Music: "Good Health and Joy be with you."

9th. *The Press, and its Freedom.*—The dispensors of the Rights and Liberties of a Free People. Music: American airs.

10th. *The Ladies.*—None but the Brave deserve the Fair. Music: Irish airs.

The above sentiments were very appropriately responded to by several military gentlemen, among whom we recognised Captains Kerrigan, Keen, and Minton, of the Celtic Guard, also Capt. Mc Carty of the Sheilds Guard of Brooklyn. To the 9th toast in the absence of other representatives of the press we felt it our duty to respond, After the above exercises were over, the merry dance was again resumed, and the rays of the morning light bid us away to our homes. Officer Stickles, of the City Assembly Rooms, was very attentive to the company while under his charge in the supper room. In conclusion we return our sincere thanks to Captain Kennedy for the many marks of favor and attention we received at his hands during the evening of the re-union of the gallant Montgomery Troop.

Grand Entertainment.

BURTIS LIGHT GUARD.—The Burtis Light Guard, a fine corps of citizen soldiers, gave a celebration in the way of a delicious supper on Tuesday evening, 19th inst., to attend which we were honored with a very polite invitation. The entertainment was given at the "Platform Hotel," No. 164 East Broadway. There were about 200 persons in attendance, including several distinguished members of the Lagislature, &c. The supper was got up without regard to expense, and the saloon was beautifully decorated with flags of different nations, prominent among which was our own most glorious "Stars and Stripes." Our old friend Isaac Burtis, Esq., whose name the company bears, was seated at the right of the table, and Captain Newkirk on the left. After feast of good things had been freely discussed, then came the flow of the soul, or to speak literally, the plow of the sparkling Heidsick, and, as a natural consequence, this was succeeded by a feast of reason, or in other words, toasts, speeches, songs, &c., in which Mr. Burtis, E. J. Shandley, Hon. J. C. Dean, Capt. Newkirk, J. Smith, of Baltimore, Mr. Stuart, and others patircipated, the time passed rapidly away with such a jolly company, and all hands separated at an early hour the following day, highly pleased with the entertainment of the Burtis Light Guard.

Water Witch Guard.

The First Annual Fancy Dress Ball of the Water Witch Guard is to take place at Gothic Hall on Monday evening next. No clown, negro or drunken characters will be admitted.

A Chance for fast Horses.

Mr. John Edwards, alias Ned the Pop-man, has a horse he will match against any horse in the world, of his age, and will give 5 years. He is ready to make a match for $500 aside with any person who may feel so disposed. Mr. Edwards can be heard of at Mr. Sullivan's, 82½ Chatham street.

The Rifle Controversy.

We desire to call attention to the card of Mr. Nelson Lewis in reference to his proposed Rifle Shooting-match with Mr. Morgan James.

Take Heed.

The news brought by the last steamer from Europe renders it almost a matter of certainty that the universally looked for European war has already commenced by which the problem will be solved whether the nations of the earth shall be governed by monarchical or republican principles. Another subject connected with this war of nations, and which is of vast interest to our own citizens, is the effect it will have on our own imports. Those who foresaw the crisis prepared to meet it, and none have adopted more systematic measures to supply themselves with a large supply of goods to meet the wants of consumers, than the Napoleon of Carpet Dealers, Hiram Anderson of the great Carpet Emporium, No. 99 Bowery. No matter how grim visaged war may effect the prices of carpeting elsewhere, the great supply on hand at 99 Bowery will enable the proprietor to continue to sell at his usual low rates.

A Curiosity.

At "Ned's Snug Harbor," 262 Broome street, where the best of oyster stews, fries, &c., can always be had, is a curiosity which should be seen by all admirers of the marvellous. It is a red man, only six inches in height, whose long residence among the frozen regions, renders it necessary that he should be kept on the ice constantly. He has taken a great liking to our country and our citizens have taken a grea liking to him, and no wonder, for he is one of the jolliest little fellows we ever met with Dropin and see the curiosity.

"Secure the Shadow ere the Substance fades."

And in no way can this be more effectually done than by calling on Messrs. Rafferty and Leask, of No. 57 Chatham street and corner of Chatham and Pearl, and purchasing one of their superior and fashionable hats, when you can have your daguerreotype likeness taken and inserted in your hat free of additional charge. This is a great convenience, as you lose no time, have no difficulty in being pleased, and the hat and daguerreotype together are furnished you at low rates. Besides this, the materials used by the above named firm in the manufacture of hats are of the best description, and never fail in giving entire satisfaction. In patronising the stores of Messrs. Rafferty and Leask you are sure to receive gentlemanly treatment, whether you purchase or not. This fact should be borne in mind.

"Stand not upon the order of your Going,"

But go at once to Dr. Gouraud, and purchase a cake of his celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, which, as a remedy for chaps, chafes, and other ailiments to which the skin is so liable, more especially during the cold season, has no superior, has not its equal. Thousands now suffer from the effects of these evils, who, if they would but *try* this great remedy of Dr. Gouraud's, would at once be convinced of its efficacy. Many individuals are disappointed in purchasing hair dye to find that their expectations in regard to having their hair changed to a beautiful brown or jet black, are not realized. We do not wonder at it. Those who purchase without knowing from whom they purchase, have no one to blame but themselves. The Hair Dye manufactured by Dr. Gouraud, has stood the test of many years, and has never failed in giving satisfaction. This is owing to the fact that the Doctor is well acquainted with his business, and always gives a fair equivalent for money received from those who patronize him. Dr. Gouraud's office is at No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway, where the above preparations can be had.

Wonders of the World.

Those of our citizens who have not visited the Broadway Menagerie, have no idea of the magnitude of this exhibition. Some of the greatest curiosities ever revealed to mankind, or ever conceived by the mind of man, are now to be seen at the great curiosity establishment, No. 337 Broadway. Whilst half the world was in a maze of excitement at the advent of Tom Thumb, it was never for a moment supposed that a "man in miniature," infinitely less than Tom Thumb, would make his appearance to contend for a share of public favor and patronage; yet, such is the case. The Lilliputian King, the smallest specimen of humanity ever shown, *weighing but six pounds,* and *four times smaller than any other dwarf ever exhibited* has suddenly awakened an interest in the public mind seldom before known, and those who were incredulous that such a marvel could exist, can have occular demonstration of the fact, by dropping into the Broadway Menagerie. We have seen, and we are compelled to believe that the Lilliputian King is the greatest wonder of the age. If Tom Thumb created an excitemement, what may we expect when this new and unparalleled wonder makes a tour of the world! Go at once and see this Lilliputian King.

The Broadway Menagerie and Museum, in addition to the largest and finest collection of living wild animals ever exhibited to the New York public, embracing, as it does, the only living Rhinoceros in America, and the only one exhibited since the year 1836, together with the great Elephant Hannibal, weighing 11,000 pounds, the largest one ever exhibited in *any* country, together with almost every animal known,—offers some other attractions which should commend themselves to all admirers of the marvellous. The Siamese Twins, Chang and Eng, with two of their children are to be seen at all times during exhibition hours. These Siamese Twins are forty-two years of age, are married and are the fathers of eleven children They are as our readers are doubtless aware, joined together by a cartilaginous ligature or band and are universally acknowledged to form the greatest physiological wonder in existence

Herr Driesbach, the far famed Lion King, enters the dens of his tamed animals at 12 o'clock noon; 3 o'clock, 8 o'clock, and 9 o'clock, P.M., daily, at each time giving a display of his absolute control over the most savage species of the brute creation. The entire exhibition is to be seen for the trifling charge of 25 cents.

COMPLIMENTARY

MILITARY AND CIVIC BALL to Capt. John Wildey by his friends, at the Chinese Assembly Rooms, 539 Broadway, on Monday Evening, March 6th, 1854. Tickets $1, to be obtained of any of the Committee, or at the door on the eve of the Ball. Shelton's Band is engaged for the occasion.

GEO. B. SMITH, Chairman.
C. H. KNIGHT, Secretary.

DANCING ACADEMY.

M. KILFOIL,

GRATEFUL FOR THE PATRONAGE he has already received, tenders his sincere thanks to his numerous friends and the public generally. He would respectfully inform them that his Dancing Classes are continued as usual, at Bechtner's Hotel, 210 William street; at the Hudson Exchange, corner of 30th street and 10th avenue, and that he has opened a new Academy at National Hall, 44th street, between 8th and 9th avenue, where all the newest and most fashionable Dances, Waltzes, &c., &c., are taught, and unremitting attention paid to the improvement of his pupils, in an accomplishment, so essential to grace and elegance of manner.

New classes are forming every evening at each of the above schools, so that pupils can begin at any time, and receive the same advantages as those who commenced at an early period of the season.

Unparalleled Bargains!

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS!!

At the Celebrated Largest and Cheapest

CARPET ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE UNITED STATES,

AT

HIRAM ANDERSON'S

No. 99 BOWERY,

NEW YORK.

Importer of English and French Carpets.

Buyers will find the largest Stock of Low price and medium to the most elaborate Aubusson, Mosaic, Medallion, and Velvet Carpets ever offered in the world.

TEN SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS.

Above ground, no damp Basements or Vaults under the sidewalk, to endanger the health of Lady purchasers; each Sales Room is devoted exclusively to one description of carpets. The wholesale and retail departments of this establishment have been enlarged and an addition of two extensive Sales Rooms, making a wonderful and gorgeous display.

Sales Room No. 1.

Floor Oil Cloths. An enormous stock of John Hare and Son's celebrated English oil cloths; also American floor oil cloths of magnificent Satin finish, Fresco, marble, Italian, and scroll paintings, from 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., to 9s. per yard, from 3 feet to 24 feet wide, and 90 long.

Sales Room No 2.

Ingrain Carpets. Two hundred and fifty pieces of English and American ingrain Carpetings, all new style, manufactured expressly for this establishment.

Sales Room No. 3.

Three Ply Carpets. English, Scotch, and American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of our own importation; gorgeous, splendid new style of pattern

Sales Room No 4.

Low Price Ingrain Carpets. Three hundred pieces of medium quality Ingrain carpets, beautiful, large, and small patterns, manufactured for the City trade, incredible low prices of 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., and 5s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 5.

Rugs and Druggets. English druggets 4 yards wide. 3000 yards of low priced druggets, 1 to 3 yards wide at 3s 6d to 6s per yard, also an immense assortment of mosaic landscape, Axminster, and tufted hearth Rug; also 2000 tufted Rugs at 16s to 24s each.

Sales Room No. 6.

Stair and Hall Carpets. 50,000 yards of striped and figured Hall and Stair Carpets, at 2s, 2s. 6d., 3., 3. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s., and 7s.

Sales Room No. 7.

Medallion Carpets, with borders; Mosaic and Axminster of one entire piece, can be fitted to any sized room, from $350 to $1000.

Royal Velvet, Tapestry, and Brussels, from the celebrated factories of John Crossly & Sons, and Messrs. Henderson & Co., and others, England, all of our own importation, some of which are exclusively our own style, and cannot be found at any other establishment.

Sales Room No. 8.

Aubusson Carpets. They elicit the warmest commendations of every beholder, excel in beauty and durability, are sold at moderate prices, and introduced into the market at this establishment.

Sales Room No. 9.

Velvet, Tapestry, Brussels three ply and twilled Venitian Stair Carpeting, remarkably cheap.

Sales Room No. 10.

Patent Tapestry Ingrain Carpetings. Gold, plain, white, buff, and scroll window shades, at 6s., 12s., 20s., 40s., to $10 per pair. Table and piano covers, silver and brass stair rods, Parlor door mats, Coir matting, also 4s. 3d., 5s. 6d., White and Check Canton Matting, &c., &c.

HIRAM ANDERSON,

Jan. 21. 99 Bowery

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—The Mails per U. S. M. S. PACIFIC, Collins Line, for Europe, will close at this office on Saturday, Feb'y 18th, at ¼ before 11 o'clock A.M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.

February 11, 1854.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—The Mails per U. S. M. S. NORTH STAR, Law's Line for California, via Havana, and Aspinwall, will close at this office on Monday, Feb. 20, at 1 o'clock P. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.

Feb. 11, 1854.

DAGUERREOTYPE HATS.

RAFFERTY & LEASK

are selling their beautiful Drab, Beaver, and Pearl Felt Hats at their usual low prices of $3 and $4; and in addition giving each Customer his likeness in his hat, free of charge. They are the only Hatters in the U. S. that can do this. RAFFERTY & LEASK, No. 57 Chatham, opposite Chambers, and on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets.

MOLINEAUX HOUSE,

SPORTING HEAD QUARTERS,

METROPOLITAN SHADES, 144 CONcord street, Brooklyn. Public Sparring every Monday and Friday evening.

N. B. Private Lessons given in Sparring.

BOYS!

YOU ALL KNOW OUR SAMMY, the Calamity Water Pedlar—He now keeps a neat little Drinking Saloon, 100½ Warren street, called the *Young Continental House.* If coaxed a little he will attend on the outside and sing the American Boy, while Shorty will wait upon you from the inside. Call and see.

P. S.—Bobby Lee, the Lad that was Born without a Shirt, in attendence when called for.

AMUSEMENTS.

Christy's American Opera House.

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand street.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT.

The well known original, far famed and only

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,

Organized in 1842.

The first and oldest established company in existence.

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

The first to Harmonize Negro Melodies, and originators of the present popular style of Ethiopian Entertainments, and whose success in this city, for a continued succession of several years past, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement in New York.

THE COMPANY,

Comprising a versatile and talented "corps" of experienced performers, under the direction and personal supervision of EDWIN P. CHRISTY, Sole Proprietor and Manager, the only individual of the name of Christy, engaged as a performer in representations of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.

Ad mission—25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'clock; commence at 7½ o'clock.

National Theatre.

Every Evening, until further notice, will be performed—

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

IN SIX ACTS.

Uncle Tom,	Mr. J. Lingard.
St. Claire,	Siple.
Gumpton Cute,	H. Stone.
Eva,	Little Cordelia Howard.

NOTICE TO CITIZENS AND STRANGERS.

The great and original drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by G. L. Aiken, Esq., which has been performed with such immense success at the National Theatre every night since the 18th of July, and in which the youthful wonder, Little Cordelia Howard, appears as the gentle Eva,

WILL BE CONTINUED

EVERY EVENING DURING THE YEAR

and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Admission 25 cents to dress circle. Remember the National Theatre is situated in Chatham street, near Roosevelt, and this is the only place in which the correct version from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's work can be witnessed in New York.

☞ Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cts; Orchestra Arm Chairs, 50 cts; Exclusive Private Boxes, $5; One Person to Private Box, $1. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock.

Buckley's Minstrels,

Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway.

Buckley.........................Properiotor
R. Bishop Buckley..........Musical Director
Admission..........................25 cts

Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.

Burlesque Operas.

Anatomical Museum.

No. 300 Broadway.

A variety of curiosities, and wax representations of the different parts of the human form.

Open day and Evening.

[illegible]

The Involuntary PIRATE.

I had the mid-watch on deck; our frigate was lying under a close reefed maintop-sail; the gale was heavy, but steady, and the swell of the sea long and regular; dark masses of clouds were rolling to leeward, through which ever and anon the moon shone brillantly, silvering their sable edges, and lighting up the wild storm scene just sufficiently to make visible its fierce and gloomy aspect. There is at all times something in the war of elements calculated to awaken sublime sentiments even in the dullest soul; but there is a majesty in the Ocean, when its mighty depths are stirred, which calls forth every feeling of admiration and awe of which our nature is capable, and arrests us as before the type of that Eternity which we are taught to contemplate as too vast for our finite comprehension!

I was in just that state of mind which the scene was calculated to produce, gazing now at the roaring billows, crested with phosphorescent light as they swelled and heaved far away to leeward; and anon at the clouds marshalled like a host in the sky, and moving in wild array to the conflict, the moonbeams glittering in its armour, and the lightning's fierce artillery flashing along its ranks!—when a hail from the quarter-deck recalled me from my revery. It was simply a summons to send a man to the wheel, which was quickly done; but the interruption was enough to change the current of my thoughts, and I glanced around the deck to see if anything in the routine of duty needed my attention: our ship was snug, and the men quietly stowed away under the lee of the bulwarks, except one. He was gazing pretty much after the fahion I had just been practising, alternately on the sea and sky.

"Well, Blake, what do you make of it?" asked I.

"It's plain enough, sir," said he, as he touched his hat, interpreting my question literally—"we've had the worst of it, though the gale will probably last forty-eight hours longer."

"And you have seen many a harder one I have no doubt?"

"Aye, sir; and many a wild scene," said he, answering more directly to the spirit of my inquiry.

"By the way, Blake, you have often promised to spin me a yarn; let's have it to-night. I feel in the humor."

"And I too, sir, somewhat so," replied the sailor. "So if you please, I have no objection to settle off that score."

"Well, just step down to my locker, and get the flask you will find on the bottom shelf; it won't do any harm to "freshen the nip" before you begin; and bring a can of water as you come by the scuttlebutt."

Reader, you may be an advocate of the Maine Law for ought I know; but if grog is ever allowable, it is in a gale of wind at sea, and even though you may belong to that very estimable class of moral reformers, I shall feel inclined to question your constancy if a wet jacket and a long night-watch were the provocatives, and a flask of fragrant "schnapps" the temptation. But to my subject.

One-eyed Blake, as he was generally called, was one of the most incomprehensible and mysterious old "salts" I ever met with. He was a thorough seaman; in appearance lank, bony, and muscular, with a face tanned and wrinkled until it resembled an old piece of puckered leather. He had but one eye, as his cognomen indicated, and that was small, deep-set, and fiery: his beard consisted only of a scattered growth of grey hairs, which however, he evidently regarded with partiality. Of Blake's age I could scarcely give an idea of approximate correctness; he was certainly old, but still full of activity and endurance; the first man aloft, and the last to quit his post; always ready, intelligent, and reliable. The man was not morose or ill-natured, but silent and mysterious; respectful to his superiors, and notwithstanding his unsociable habits, popular among his ship-mates; sailors being very ready to recognize merit in one of their calling, and excellent judges of human nature withal. No one ever molested Blake; he was not even the subject of those occasional practical jokes with which Jack innocently varies the monotony of ship-board. On one occasion only had I ever known him angry, and that was when a skulking fellow whom he was compelled to report for a gross neglect of his duty, called him in resentment a "d—d pirate." In an instant Blake caught him by the throat with an iron grip, his swarthy visage glowed like a heated furnace, and his single eye burned in its socket with destructive fierceness. The paroxysm lasted only an instant; by a powerful effort he resumed his self-control, throwing off the offender, pale and frightened, never again to renew his insolence. I remembered this recontre, and determined if possible to have an explanation at some time: the occasion now appeared favorable, and when Blake returned, after he had touched the grog, I asked him about it. We had taken our seats on a gun-slide, the space around which etiquette, a nice point with sailors, had left vacant for my benefit. Somewhat to my astonishment there appeared no reluctance on his part to communicate freely about himself.

"I had as well tell you that now as any other time; and I don't mind you knowing all about it, though you will easily understand why I don't care to have my life a ship's talk. Well, sir, a little while ago, when I was looking at the waves playing like little mountains turned adrift, and the clouds rolling and tumbling aloft in such grand confusion, I could not help thinking what poor, weak, foolish critters we were; straining and toiling a few years, after we don't know what, and then being thrown overboard with a couple of round shot to our feet, to sink down—down, where even the sharks won't find us, our names scratched from the muster-roll of memory, and our places in the mess, and on the watch book filled, as though we had never been; and yet all this will go on again, and again, and yet others will look at it as we do, feel their hearts lifed up for a while like our's, wonder as we do, and give up all like us, without making out the wherfore any better."

"You are a philosopher, Blake."

"No, sir, but all this makes me ask why should we set such value upon life, when it's so trifling a thing?"

"You know the Bible says all that a man hath will he give for life."

"Well, sir, I am glad you have the good book for it, for a man will do much that he does not like to think of, much less hear afterwards, to save his life: and when that skulk, June, called me a d—d pirate, it made my blood bile all over, because it was true."

"You a pirate, Blake!"

"Yes, sir; didn't I tell you a man would do that to save his life he would not like to think of afterwards; and yet I do think of it, and often wish myself a hundred fathoms down in the blue water, if it could only wash out the recollection of that one act," said he in a sad and hollow voice.—"It was this way, sir: I was born, you see, on the ocean, and never knew any other calling. My father was a seaman before me, and a good man; he kept the log book of life free from blots and errors, except a good hearty d——n now and then, which is a sailor's privilege and means no harm. He needn't have been ashamed of his reck'ning here, and when they overhauled it aloft, I'll bet a quarter he passed muster with the best, and has as sunny a berth as any of 'em up there. I was the only son, and as I told you, born at sea, my mother being on her passage out to America, for though my father was a true blooded Yankee, he had married in London. 'He's born a sailor,' said the old man when he saw me, 'and a sailor he shall be!' I can't tell how old I was when I commenced going to sea, for it appears as if my earliest recollection was on ship board. My father would leave me at home sometimes for a short voyage, but although the old woman was good enough to me, and a little sister who was born about two years after, used to amuse me very much, yet I always got tired out before the time was all over, and used to long to be off boat again. I was about fifteen years old when my father died; he was lost in saving a little girl, a passenger, who being too venturesome, had fallen overboard at sea. He happened to be in the mizzen rigging, and jumped over-board and caught her; the boat was lowered and pulled for them; it was not a half a dozen strokes off when my father shrieked out, threw out one hand, commenced beating the water, while with the other he tried to lift the child above him. They all knew what was the matter. Two hard strokes on the oars, and in an instant the boat was alongside. One hauled the girl in, while another caught at my father, who was already sinking, with the boat hook. They managed to get a hold on him; the water was all bloody around, and it was hard to pull him in, for the shark didn't let him go until they punched the boat hook into him. My poor father was awfully mangled, and didn't live an hour. It so happened that I had been left at home that voyage, and the first news we had of our loss was brought by the parents of the child he had saved; they appeared almost as much distressed as we were, and were very kind and generous; and gave my mother money, and promised she should never want; nor did they forget her afterward. The little girl cried much, and throwing her arms around my sister's neck declared she should always be her sister. I never saw anything more beautiful, and a boy as I was, I thought I would willingly have made fight with the shark myself for her sake.

"Well, I soon found employment, and was rated ordinary seaman the first voyage, and after that I got full wages. Things went on pretty smoothly for four or five years; after this we ceased to hear from our friends, but my mother was comfortably fixed and my wages were good. It was between six and seven years after my father's death that I shipped on board a brig bound for the West Indies. We had a fine run until we got down among the "Keys," when one morning about day-light we were overhauled by a stranger. It was easy telling what he was at first sight; his long, dark hull, and tall, raking masts never belonged to an honest trader. We would have escaped if we could, but there was no earthly hope; we had been becalmed all night, and he brought the breeze along with him. Our skipper did say perhaps it might be only a slaver, and the worst we need fear would be a loss of water and provisions; but he was mistaken, for as she ranged along up under our qurater, her deck was alive with men, and a harder looking, more cut-throat set I never clapped my eyes on; they were of all colors and nations, yet it was easy to see they were all picked men. The schooner mounted three carronades a side, and a "Long Tom" on a pivot, and her bulwarks were lined with small arms. Resistance was perfectly useless, and we made no attempt at it; but heaved to as we were ordered, and received the Pirate Captain and about twenty of his crew on board. Though we offered no opposition, we were every mother's son of us bound hand and foot, and bundled into the schooner, which lay close under our quarter. The captain of our brig was sharply questioned as to her cargo, and whether there was any specie on board, and though he answered without equivocation, he received a severe blow on the mouth from the hilt of a cutlass, for telling the truth as to the money. His blood spurted on me, and my heart turned sick, for it seemed but a taste of what was in store for us all. Why bind us when there was no resistance, and why put us on board the schooner unless for objects of cruelty? The pirates found little in our brig worth their while, except provisions and water, of which they stood in need. These they might have taken without harming the crew, and such is sometimes their custom, but I learned afterwards that their Captain had sworn never to spare a soul he captured, being well nigh caught through his clemency on a previous occasion.

"When they had got all they wanted out of her, they scuttled the brig, and the schooner hauled off. The pirates paid no attention to us at first as we lay huddled together on the deck, but, their vessel being hove to, were watching with infernal glee the poor old brig as she settled in the water. I too could see her through a port hole from where I lay, and at last when she lurched forward, and with a groan which I heard distinctly, sank beneath the blue waters, my heart died out within me.

"'There she goes, the d——d old ballyho, and leaves no tell-tales behind her,' said the Pirate Captain. 'Now, boys, rig out your gangboard, and bring up a few necklaces; we'll soon give these chaps a free passage to Davy Jones' locker.'

"Well, sir, you may imagine how we felt when that order was given. Our feet were cast loose, and we were mustered in the gangway. Some of our fellows begged hard, and offered to join; others damned and swore, but neither was of any use. For my part I was silent and lost in the awful certainty of what awaited us. The first they took was our skipper; his mouth was still bleeding, and he was pale, but not a bit afraid. When they wanted to sling the shot around his neck, he resisted slightly.

"'Let him alone,' said the captain, 'if he prefers being made shark's meat.'

"'I shall not find them half so bloodthirsty as you are, ye cowardly lubbers!' exclaimed he.

"The taunt even from a man they were murdering, appeared to rile the pirate, and he raised his hand to cut the skipper down; but he was too late—the brave fellow sprang upon the plank, and with a shout—

"'Farewell! boys; there's no mercy for us here, so let's die like men.'

"He leaped into the blue water, and sank forever beneath its waves. The fate of the rest is soon told; those who had begged to join the pirate were next disposed of; all had double-headed shot slung around their necks, and were driven when they hung back, with blows, and curses, and cutlass thrusts, over the side. Such shrieks, such blasphemy! My God! it rings in my ears even now at times. I've witnessed many scenes of horror, I've seen death in many shapes, I've watched strong men struggling with the waves, and sink, in their agony, when help was almost at hand; I've known our scuppers to run blood in an action, but never before or since have I felt as I did then, while one by one my shipmates were murdered with cold, sneering, diabolical cruelty, each one bringing my own turn nearer and nearer. At last they were all gone, and I stood alone on the pirate's deck, surrounded by fiends who had no pity or remorse. I had not opened my lips during the whole terrible ordeal, for horror froze up my speech; the certainty of death gave me, however, a sort of calmness like despair, which it seems attracted the attention of the pirate captain, who approached where I stood, waving off those who were about to seize me.

"'You have good muscle, and some pluck,' said he, gripping me by the shoulder, 'will you take the bounty, or follow your friends?'

"In an instant the thoughts of home, of my mother and sister came over me—my life, which one moment before I thought forfeited, became inexpressibly dear to me, and revolting as the price was at which it must be preserved, I felt at once an eagerness to accept his proposal, which the fate of those who had gone before, warned me it was not prudent to shun. The captain noticed my hesitation.

"'Come, my lad, if we are obliged to do these things for our own safety, we are true to each other, and a jolly rover's life is better than a plunge into the sea; I wouldn't have those white-livered hounds among my crew, but you are a lad of spirit. Will you join us!"

"'Yes!' I answered.

"My hands were very quickly loosed, and I was taken off and made to sign the articles, and an oath of the most terrible kind administered to me. I could not but think how ridiculous it was to expect an oath would bind men who were ready at any moment to murder, burn and steal, but such was their custom, and I have since learned that there may be reason in binding even a rogue by his conscience, which all have more or less, of whatever kind it may be. Well, sir, so I became a Pirate. I soon found it necessary to conceal the aversion with which I looked upon the business, and to pretend at least to be as cruel and heartless as any around me. A circumstance happened shortly after I joined that seemed like a providence in my favor, for it relieved me in a great measure from the necessity of playing a part which I fear I should have been soon discovered in. I had made up my mind that come what would, I could never shed a drop of innocent blood, though I might make believe to join fully in the sentiments of my companions. However, as I said, a fortunate accident happened in my favor. We were chased in a few days after I joined, by a sloop of war; she came upon us unawares in a fog, and we had close sailing to get clear of her; I happened to be at the wheel, and was obliged to steer very fine. As we crawled up to the windward the Pirate Captain was watching me close. Whether he suspected me of any treachery, I don't know, but if so, he was wrong; for I knew very well that he intended to blow the vessel up rather than be taken, in the first place, and in the second, I had no hope even if captured that I should be able to prove my innocence; so that I was as eager to escape as he. After we were clear of the chase, he came up to me and said:

"'You are a brave lad, and a good steersman; remember hereafter you are stationed at the wheel whenever all hands are called.'

"And so, sir, I escaped the immediate participation in many a dark deed which would have been forced upon me, or my life been taken.

"Well, sir, you may suppose I have something more particular to tell than that I became a pirate to save my life, so instead of backing and filling any more, I will come to the point. It is true I could make your hair stand up with horror by describing more than one scene which I was compelled to witness; but, sir, there never was a life-yarn without one turn in it more important than all the rest, and the twist you give it then you can never unlay until every strand is parted, and the fish or the worms make oakum of us!

"I had been on board the pirate about a year, and we had never been in harbor but once, and that was a place away down among the Keys off the south coast of Cuba. It was a little land-locked bay, in a wild, uninhabited island, which it was impossible to reach in anything bigger than a jolly-boat, except to those who understood the pilotage. The pirates had a cave here where they hid their treasures. I was so closely watched during the whole time of our stay, that I would have had no chance to escape even if I had attempted it. As I showed no symptoms of such an intention, however, the Captain took me into full confidence, and as we sailed out again showed me the channel, that I might know it in our future visits.

"Well, we had been chased off our cruising ground two or three times, some months after that, and our Captain had stretched away to the North. He was in a bad humor, for he looked for one or two rich prizes of which he had information; and he made up his mind to abandon the sea for awhile and enjoy the fruits of his piracies. I was the only confidant he had made as to his intention, and I hoped thereby to effect my own escape. It was somewhere off the Capes of Virginia that we gave chase to a merchant brig one day, and soon overhauled her; she was a packet running between Charleston and New York. As a prize she was almost worthless, but we were badly in want of water and provisions, and I shuddered when I thought that for the sake of obtaining these, more murders must be committed, for the pirates adhered to their rule of destroying all whom they captured, lest evidence might turn up against them when they gave up their trade to enjoy on shore their ill-got gains.

"The brig was soon stripped of all they wanted, and as usual scuttled. There was some resistance among the crew and passengers, which caused them to be cut down mercilessly. Thank heaven! I did not witness the conflict, for I was at my station at the wheel of the schooner, but I learned the cause quick enough. There were women on board, prizes more valued by the pirates at times than gold or silver. One young girl in particular had struck the Captain's fancy. Poor thing! how my heart sickened when they were brought onboard! I had been forced to witness the fall of their predecessors on previous occasions, and if hell ever hatched one outrage more diabolical than all others, it is in the treatment of female prisoners on board a pirate ship! Three or four of the male prisoners had been tied and bundled on board of our schooner as we cast off from the brig, to afford the wretches amusement by walking the plank; so true is it, sir, that our natures become hardened by crime, and witnessing misery, as to take pleasure in cruelty. The women were hurried forward to endure their fate, with the exception of the girl I have alluded to. She was borne aft in the arms of the captain's negro steward to his cabin. She had recovered from her first fainting spell, and seemed conscious of the horrors that awaited her. She did not shriek, but moaned so piteously that I could not help turning my eyes upon her as she passed me. Great God! *I recognized her*. It was the little girl my father had died to save, my own adopted sister, now grown into a most lovely and splendid woman. The recognition was mutual, and with a supernatural struggle she sprang from the negro's arms and fell at my feet, exclaiming—

"'Oh God! Charles! brother, save me! kill me!'

"'The scene attracted the attention of the Captain, who was at the gangway giving some directions about the prisoners. He turned quietly and looked on, while I cast my eyes upon him in terror. What was my additional surprise to behold in one of the prisoners, the father of the poor girl. He, too, had recognized me, and exclaimed in a voice of agony:

"'Save her! save her, my boy.'

"Our captain, who evidently enjoyed the scene as something out of the ordinary routine of cruelties, replied sneeringly:—

"'Why, this is dramatic! Never mind, old fellow, I'll not give him the trouble. She shall be a rover's bride, and you may console yourself that she will be well provided for.'

"The scene occupied less, far less time than I am relating it. The black had not disturbed her as she kneeled, but watched the captain for his cue.—A thought came across my soul like a flash of lightning. When the pirate's eye turned from me to the father, I still beheld the gaze of the latter rivetted on mine. I shall never forget his imploring look, or how it changed to one of triumph, as I touched my knife significantly, and raised my eyes to heaven to ask approval of the terrible deed I contemplated. She too understood my rapid pantomime.

"'Quick! quick! brother,' she said in a low, firm voice, 'It is the only way—God bless you! quick.'

"The blow would have been a thousand times less painful in my own heart. It was surely done, and in a few instants all was over! She blessed me with her dying eyes; nothing else would have made life endurable; and yet it was horrible!"

The poor fellow trembled even after the long lapse of time, as if the scene were still before him.

"Say, Mr. Brace, was I right? Would you have done it?"

"You were right, Blake; your conduct was heroic, and I have no doubt the spirit of the martyred girl looks down upon you with gratitude from Paradise!"

"'That's it, sir,' said he, grasping my hand, 'that's my only consolation. I see her face and hear her voice in my dreams; her eyes look up out of the blue sea upon me, and her form appears to me in the clouds; but never in reproach, always kind and affectionate, and I sometimes hope when my time is up here and my last cruise made, I shall go up aloft, if only to know that she forgives me, and my deed was approved.'

"Well, sir, when the captain saw what I had done, he instantly drew a pistol and leveled it at my head. I saw the fire stream forth from its muzzle, felt a shock, and sank blinded, bleeding and insensible to the deck. The ball entered my eye and passed out at the side, without wounding the brain.

"I was for a long time unconscious, and when I came to, I found myself cared for, and in my hammock. The momentary passion of the captain over, he had forgiven my act. In truth there was something in it that touched a lingering sentiment of his better nature, such as it was before crime had hardened and poluted his soul. I learned from the messmate who tended me, that when well I might safely appear on deck. In reply to my inquiries as to what occurred after my fall, he said,

"'You made a sure blow of it—she was dead before the captain reached her; so he just tied her and the old fellow together, and gave them a plunge overboard.'

"My heart swelled and my eyes grew dim with tears when he told me this, sir; nor were my feelings altogether painful. It was a beautiful thing, was it not, sir? that they, whom I had rescued from worse than death, had been joined in their last embrace, and the good old father could know as he sank fathoms deep in the sea, with his daughter in his arms, that she had died pure and unviolated!"

How eloquent was that simple sailor's thoughts! What terrible scenes had he witnessed! What sublime heroism had he evinced! Yet he spoke so naturally, and with such self-distrust, that I was led to respect as well as admire him.

"Well, Blake," asked I, after he had paused a few minutes from his recital, "How did you get rid of the pirate?"

"That is a short yarn, sir. Some weeks after we steered for the rendezvous, but were intercepted by a Yankee sloop-of-war, which had been on the look-out for us all along. She was a clipper, the only craft I ever knew to hold her own with our schooner. The captain knew her well, too, and as we were well in among the Keys when she was made out, he thought it safest to trust to our harbor. They had been there before us, however, and though they had not found out the channel exactly, determined to follow us in their boats. I was steering, but the captain stood by with a pistol at my head, for some instinct bid him fear me. I had made up my mind to jump overboard, and by diving and swimming escape the schooner and reach the boat; but I had no mind to try his pistol again, especially so near as he was, not that I cared much for life, but for the sake of my mother and sister. Something called his attention off a moment. I will hardly trust myself to say whether the idea of safety or revenge prompted me, and even now, villain as he was, I sometimes regret the act; but he was the only one watching me, the only one who cared probably, to prevent the accomplishment of my escape. As he turned his head from me to give an order, my hand sought my knife, *it was the one she had died by, her blood was still on it.* I gave him one blow! and letting go the wheel, sprang lightly overboard, and dived. The schooner was far ahead when I rose, and still farther before they fired on me. Their shots were harmless; the boats picked me up. I piloted them, and after a terrible battle the pirates were captured to a man, and executed afterwards. I learned that my blow had been fatal; the Pirate Captain died where he fell, on the same spot where his innocent victim had breathed forth her angel soul. I mingled *his* blood with her's on the sacrificial knife."

Sporting Items.

CURIOUS CASE AT FOUR-HANDED CRIBBAGE.

Wherein not any of the four parties can hold a single fist point in hand, and yet the dealers shall win the game the first show.—PASQUIN.—*Example.*—Let A and B deal against C and D, each person to hold a three, four, and six, seven, with any tenth card for the crib; D then cuts the card for the turn up, which proving to be a knave, A and B mark two points. It being C's first play, he leads with pitching his four, which B pairs, and marks two points; D then plays his four, and marks six points for a pair royal; A then plays his four, making a double pair royal, for which he scores twelve points; C then plays again with his three, which is paired by B, who marks two points more; D plays his three, and marks six for a pair royal; and A comes in with his three likewise, which making a double pair royal, and the end hole, he marks for such thirteen points; C then plays off again with his seven, and marks six points; and A, playing his seven, makes a double pair royal, for which, and the end hole, he marks thirteen points more; here again C plays his six, which is paired by B, who scores two points; D plays his six, and marks six points; and A, who is the last player, makes a double pair royal with his six, for which and the end hole, he marks thirteen points, which, with the various other points played by A and B, complete the game, or sixty-one points; while C and D have only been able to play twenty-four points. Thus the game is won by A and B without holding a single point.

ATTACHMENT OF ANIMALS.

The attachment formed by animals, from living together, have produced some remarkable facts. Feeling has been evinced by those reckoned most insensible, and even the strongest laws of nature have been set aside. The cobra di capello and the canary bird, who for years, inhabited the same cage at Mr. Cross's, Exeter Change, are strong instances of the latter; but my communication more particularly alludes to the former. When I lived in Paris, there were two remarkably fine ostriches, male and female, kept in the Rotunda of the Jardin du Roi. The skylight over their heads having been broken, the glaziers proceeded to repair it, and, in the course of their work, let fall a triangular piece of glass. Not long after this, the female ostrich was taken ill, and died after an hour or two of great agony. The body was opened and the throat and stomach were found to have been dreadfully lacerated by the sharp corners of the glass which she had swallowed. From the moment his companion was taken from him, the male bird had no rest; he appeared to be incessantly searching for something, and daily wasted away. He was moved from the spot, in the hope that he would forget his grief; he was even allowed more liberty, but nought availed, and he literally pined himself to death. I heard of a curious expedient the other day, which prevented a similar catastrophe, and which has led me to address you:—A gentleman, residing in this country, had for some years been possessed of two brown cranes (*Ardia pavonia*); one of them at length died, and the survivor became disconsolate. He was apparently following his companion, when his master introduced a large looking-glass into the aviary.—The bird no sooner beheld his reflected image than he fancied she for whom he mourned had returned to him; he placed himself close to the mirror, plumed his feathers, and showed every sign of happiness. The scheme answered completely, the crane recovered his health and spirits, passed almost all his time before the looking-glass, and lived many years after, at length dying from an accidental injury.

DESPERATE STRUGGLE BETWEEN A MAN AND A MASTIFF FOR LIFE.

A short time since, Mr. Somerwill, the proprietor of the Pettington Lime Kilns, North Devon, arose from a little cabin he has fitted up on the spot, to attend to the process of his kiln, and, having effected his purpose, he lay down again without undressing, having over his clothes a smock-frock. Soon after the door of his cabin, which he had neglected to fasten, was thrust open, which alarmed his little dog lying on the floor, and caused him to bark, when the intruder, which proved to be a very large mastiff dog, seized the little animal and shook it with great violence. On loosing his prey, the little dog leaped up on the bed, and sought the protection of his master; thither the mastiff pursued him, and, placing his paws on the bed, he laid hold of, not the dog, but his master, whom he dragged from the bed to the ground, where he held him for a while; at length Mr. Somerwill caught his assailant by the throat, and regained his legs, but it was with the utmost difficulty he could withstand his powerful enemy. Fortunately for him, a piece of hoop iron was within his reach which served him for a weapon, wherewith he continued to beat the head of his shaggy antagonist till he had cleft his skull, and finally destroyed him. Mr. Somerwill received no other injury than the alarm and fatigue occasioned by the contest, the thickness of his clothes having proved a protection from the fangs of his canine foe.

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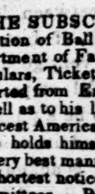
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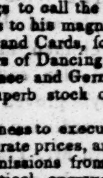
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RADWAY & CO.,
162 Fulton street, New York.

R. R. R. No. 3.

RADWAY'S REGULATORS.

REGULATES TO A HEALTHY ACTION

All the Organs and Secretions of the body

Restores to Health and Strength,

THE DISEASED AND WORN OUT PARTS.

COMPLAINTS THAT RADWAY'S REGULATORS ENTIRELY CURE.

Costiveness,	Liver Complaint,
Indigestion,	Heart "
Dyspepsia,	Kidney "
Dropsy,	Bladder "
	Urethra "

DIFFICULTY OF PASSING URINE

Dizziness,	Inflammation of the Stomach,
Stupor,	Biliousness.

MELANCHOLY.

MALIGNANT DISORDERS.

Small Pox,	Measles,
Scarlet Fever,	Yellow Fever,
Bilious Pneumonia,	Typhoid Fever,

AND FEVER OF ALL KINDS.

Influenza,	Pleurisy, Common Colds

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

Irregularity,	Prolapsus Uteri,
Hysteria,	Womb Difficulties,
Whites,	Amenorrhea,
Loss of Appetite,	Loss of Memory,
Loss of Energy,	Loss of Strength,

R. R. REGULATORS

ARE ENTIRELY VEGETABLE,

Perfectly Tasteless,	Never Sicken,
Good at all times,	Never Gripe.

DOSES,

ONE TO THREE—REGULATES.
FOUR TO SIX—PURGES.

One Regulator at Night, on going to bed, will ensure sound sleep, a Good Night's Rest, and a Healthy and Pleasant Discharge from the Bowels in the morning.

RADWAY'S REGULATORS, READY RELIEF, RENOVATING RESOLVENT ARE SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

RADWAY & CO.